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* An absorbing legend of India, a little-
known tale from the Arabian Nights,
Towards Better English, a humorous tale
through pictures, a bunch of refreshing
stories and all the other regular features!

**GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE**

अश्वः शस्त्रं शास्त्रं वीणा वाणी नरश्च नारी च ।
पुरुषविशेषं प्राप्ता भवन्ति योग्या अयोग्याश्च ॥

*Aśvaḥ śastraṁ śāstraṁ vīṇā vāṇī naraśca nārī ca
Puruṣaviśeṣaṁ prāptā bhavanti योग्या ayogyāśca*

The proper or improper use of a horse, a weapon, the
scripture, the veena, the speech as well as men and women
depends on who is using them.

—The Hitopadeshah

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Controlling Editor:
NAGI REDDI
Founder:
CHAKRAPANI

GRANDPA IS WILLING!

"Towards Better English" is one of those features in the English edition of *Chandamama* which is eagerly awaited by students and teachers. While the former wish to learn from it, the latter find in it ideas for new lessons. That is what some of them tell us.

Grandpa Chowdhury, the Professor who has been so far giving the benefit of his knowledge to Reena and Rajesh, is willing to respond to queries from other children or their teachers—if they address their doubts to the Editor, *Chandamama* (English,) Chandamama Buildings, Madras 600 026, regarding English phrases, proverbs and usage. It should, however, be made clear that all questions submitted perhaps cannot be answered, because some of them might have been already answered in earlier issues and also because space is limited.

Thoughts to be treasured

Wherever there are wars,—wherever
you are confronted with an opponent,
conquer him with love.

—Mahatma Gandhi.



NEWS FLASH



DREAM CURES DUMBNESS

A Russian soldier in The World War II who lost his speech and hearing in the battlefield dreamt one night last month that he was back again on the front. The Nazi tanks and soldiers moved towards him, but he had no ammunition to fight them.

Nevertheless, he dashed into attack shouting battle slogans with full-throated cries. He woke up and found himself miraculously cured of his deafness and dumbness.

MARK TWAIN'S LATEST!

It is true that Mark Twain, the celebrated author of *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* died in 1910. But nobody knew that he had a novel written towards the end of his life which remained unpublished. A professor at the University of Missouri has just discovered it. It is a sad novel!



TEARS SWEET TEARS!

Shedding tears not only brings emotional relief, but also can speed up the process of the healing of a disease, says a Soviet team of researchers.

OF MAN AND MONKEY

In San Francisco there is a gentleman who can just *know* where a monkey is! So, when monkeys escape from zoos, he is contacted. He can hear the report and tell you where the monkey is. The zoo people say that he proves correct, "but the problem is to catch the escaped monkey!"

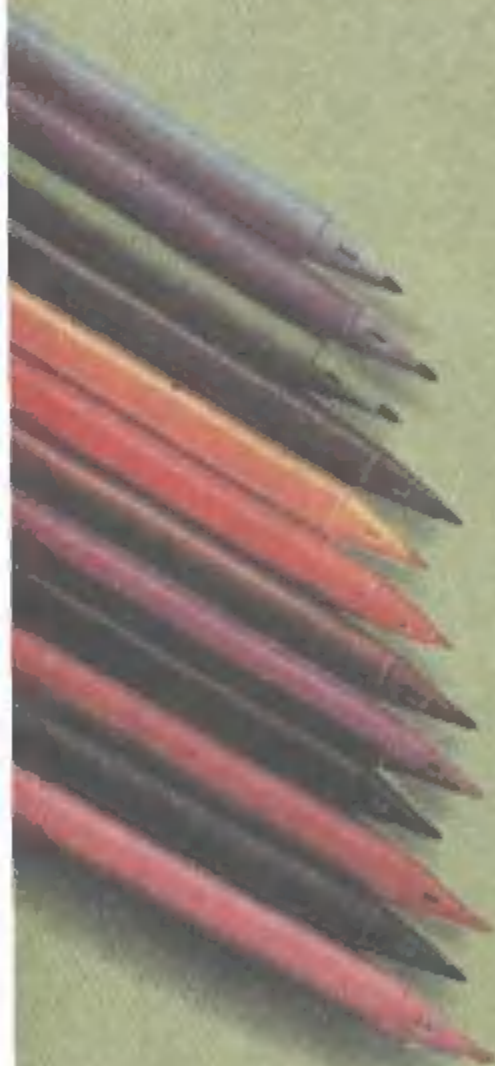




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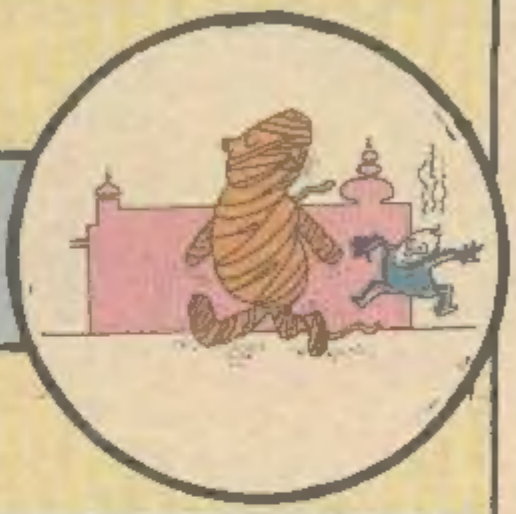


DID YOU KNOW

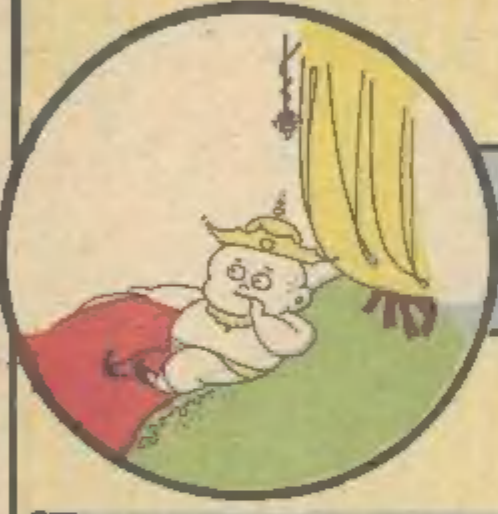


Japanese skipping expert, Katsumi Suzuki, can make five turns in mid-air in one single jump.

The oldest human form to remain intact is an Egyptian mummy called Waty. It is 4500 years old, but is in perfect condition.



The youngest king in the recorded history was King Alphonse of Spain — crowned at the age of one month.



Leonardo Da Vinci, the great genius, could write with one hand while painting with the other.



The height of Mount Everest has increased by one foot during the last one hundred years.



The brief-most correspondence known so far took place in 1862, between Victor Hugo, the great French novelist, and his publishers. The publishers wrote: "?"; Hugo's reply was "I". The publishers wanted to know the progress in regard to the novel he was writing.



STORY OF



—By Manoj Das

(Rama and Lakshmana enrolled the help of Sugriva, the Vanara King, in their quest for Sita. Sugriva despatched several groups of Vanaras in different directions to locate the kidnapper, Ravana. The group led by Angada found out that Ravana was the demon-King of Lanka. The valiant Hanuman was chosen to proceed there.)

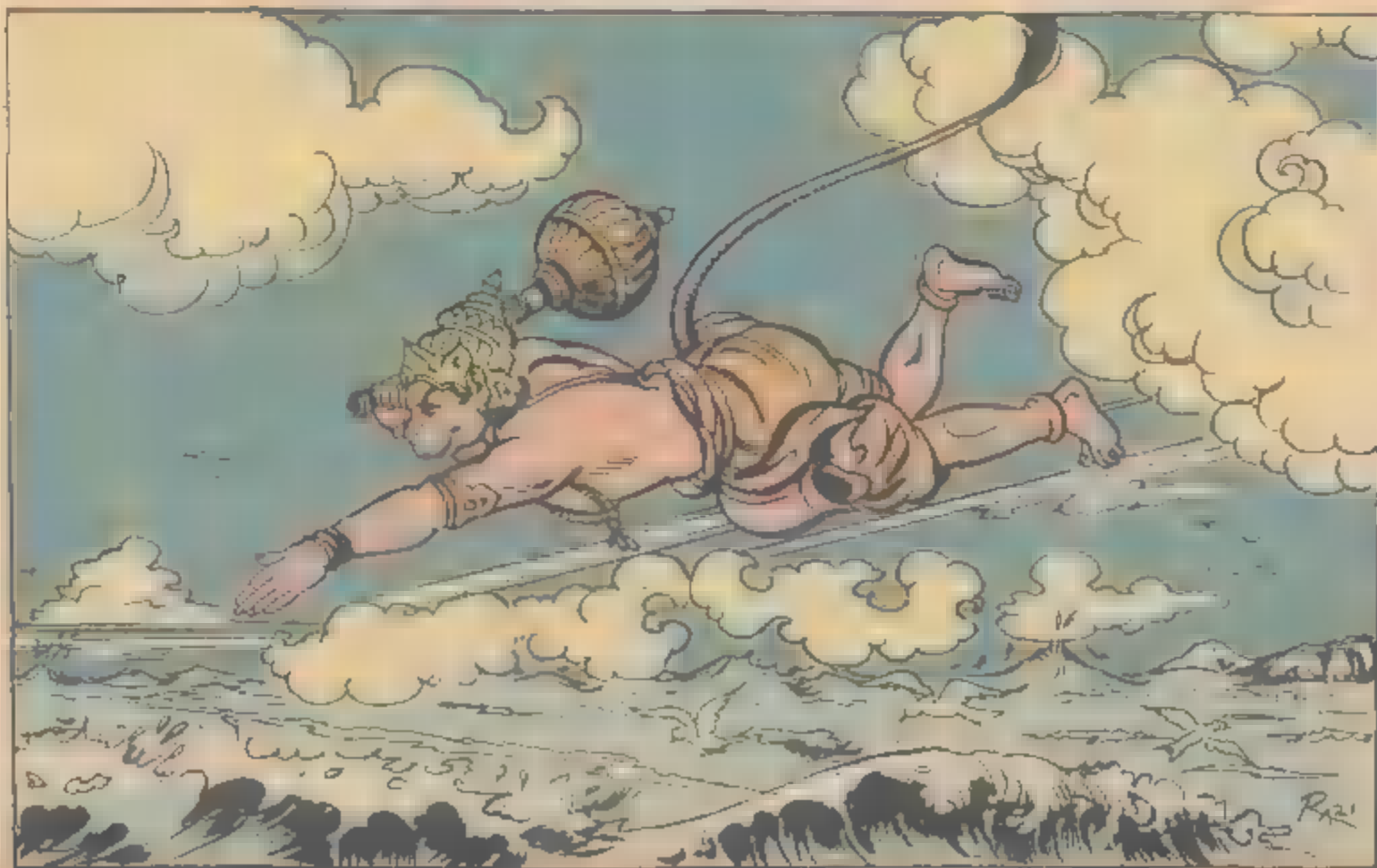
THE GREAT LEAP TO LANKA

Hanuman had enlarged himself to a gigantic size. As he exerted pressure before leaping into the clouds, there were landslides. Trees were toppled and rocks flew into the surging waves.

Hanuman's arms were raised and he looked upward in a

manner as if he desired to drink the blue of the sky! Soon he disappeared from the sight of the awe-struck Vanaras who stood looking agape into the clouds which were in turmoil.

Hanuman continued to fly over the calm waters beyond the shore. He could see the crea-





tures of the sea such as whales and sharks and at places huge underwater rocks.

There was a time when hills had wings and they could fly. Their movement over forests and localities frightened the forest-dwelling rishis and other people. What if a hill suddenly lands on them? They appealed to Indra to save them from this continuous fear hanging on their head. Indra decided to fix the hills permanently to sites allotted to them. He applied his thunder and cut off their wings. However, one hill escaped Indra's action by hiding in the sea. Known as the Mainak, it raised

its golden head at the advice of the spirit of the sea.

"Who is this trying to obstruct my passage?" wondered Hanuman and he was about to crush the rising peak. But the Spirit of Mainak assumed a human form and appeared atop the rock and said, "Welcome, O Hanuman. I'm no enemy, but your well-wisher. The sea and I wish to provide you with a platform for a moment's respite, for you must have been tired!"

"I'm grateful to you, O Mountain, for your kindness. But I'm under a vow not to stop anywhere before reaching my destination," said Hanuman. But, in a gesture of honouring the mountain's wish, he once touched it and then continued on his journey.

Nobody had done anything like what Hanuman was then doing. Gods and demi-gods were amazed at his feat. They sought out Surasa, the mother of the serpent Naga, who lived under the sea. They instructed her in what she should do.

Surasa took the form of a fearful demoness and splashed out of the waters. "Come on," she told the approaching Hanuman. "The gods have told me

that I can eat you. Be good and enter my mouth."

Hanuman looked at the fearful demoness—water dripping from her long hair and her open mouth looking like a ~~mouth~~ to hell!

Hanuman said, "O Stranger, just now I'm out to fulfil a sacred mission. I'll oblige you after my task is over."

"You must enter my mouth before you do anything else. This is the condition and I cannot withdraw it," said Surasa.

Hanuman promptly decided upon his course of action. "Very well, open your mouth wide enough for me to enter it," he said and began to grow larger and larger.

Surasa gaped as widely as she could. While she did that, Hanuman suddenly reduced himself to the size of a tiny bud and entered her mouth and, in the twinkling of an eye, made his exit through her ear.

"I have fulfilled your condition," said Hanuman.

Surasa ~~was~~ satisfied, though surprised. Gods and demi-gods who had employed her to test Hanuman's courage, were equally satisfied.

Surasa resumed her normal



form and said, "O gentle one, I'm impressed. I wish you all success in your mission."

Hanuman continued in his journey. At one point he had a queer feeling—as if some one was pulling him down. But there was no one to be seen around! He was surprised. Try ~~he~~ he may, he was unable to move fast.

The mystery was resolved when he saw the water below him splitting and a fearful face surveying him, sporting a sinister smile. He understood whose was that face. He had heard of her from Sugriva. Simhika was the name of this ogress who had

the uncanny power to drag, pull or stop anybody by laying her hand on his shadow. Simhika was doing her trick by clutching at Hanuman's shadow reflected on the surface of the sea.

Hanuman let himself be pulled closer to the ogress. He even let himself be dropped into her mouth. Then he acted. Like ■ roaring thunder he crashed out of her, splitting her body open. The ogress died after giving out a piercing cry.

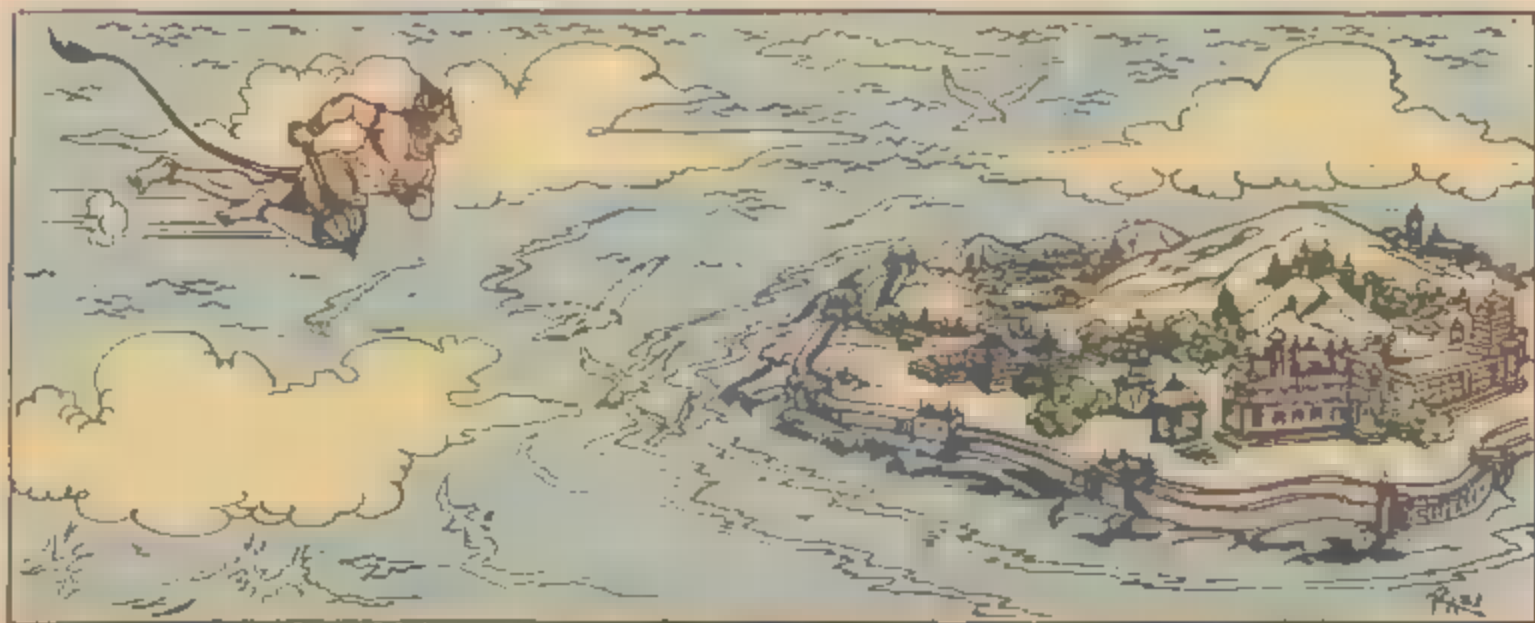
Hanuman was hardly in a mood to rejoice at his own triumphs. All his thoughts were with Rama and with the purpose of his own mission. He looked at the horizon. He could now see a cluster of tall trees growing prominent. The sea below him was no longer calm, but marked by ripples slowly forming into

waves.

Hanuman saw a small islet without any habitation. He descended on it and took a view of the grand island beyond a narrow channel. He was left in no doubt that the island in front of him was his destination—Lanka. Resplendent mansions adorned its hills. Well laid-out orchards and gardens surrounded transparent lakes outside the city-wall. He could even see multitudes of silver swans playing in the lakes beautified by white and red lotuses.

Atop a hill at the centre of the fortified city stood a magnificent castle. "That must be the palace of the proud demon-king, Ravana," thought Hanuman and, in another bound, he reached the fabulous island.

To continue



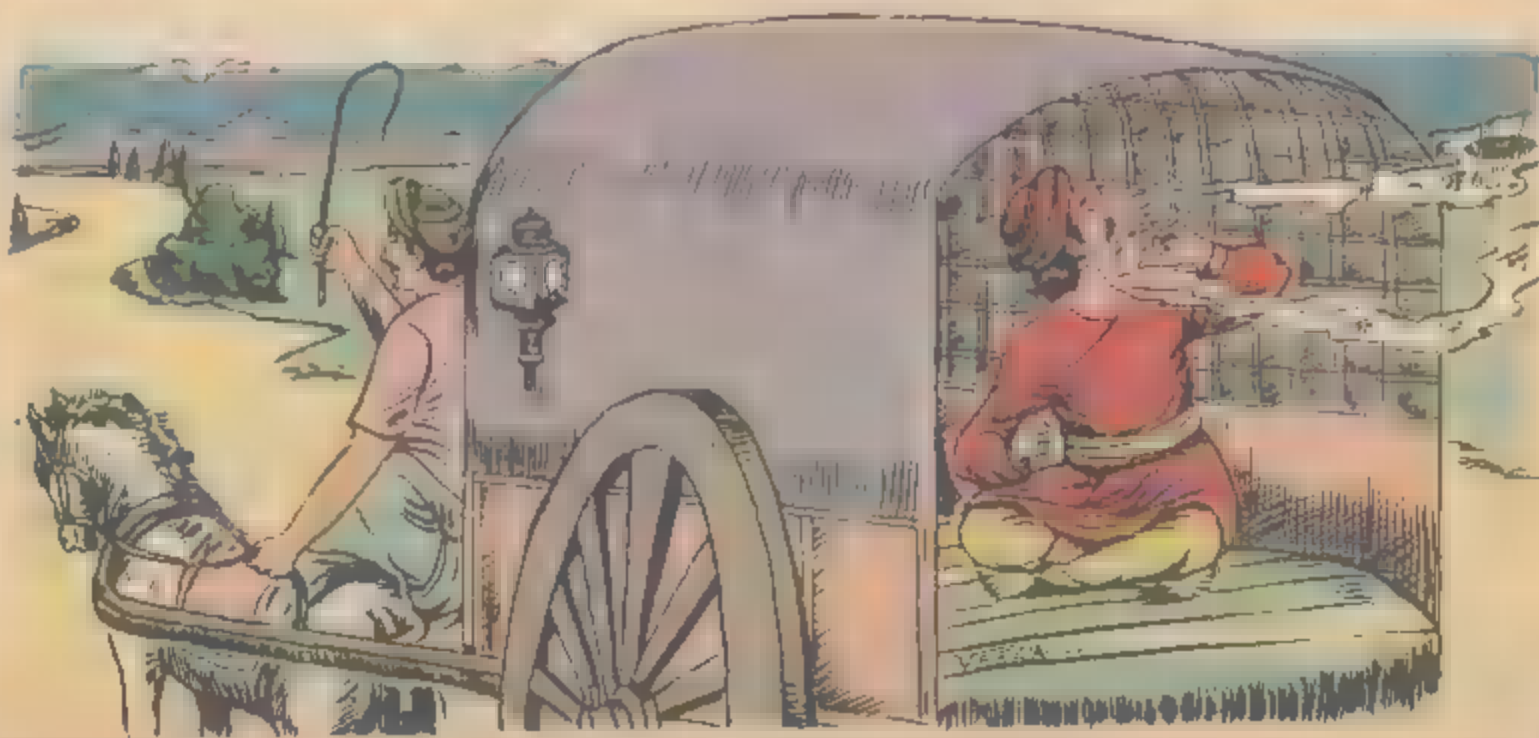
WHY IS AHMEDABAD ALWAYS PROSPEROUS!

It was ■ mystery which baffled everybody from the King to the commoner. Since the last few days, in Shah-e-Maidan, situated in the heart of Ahmedabad city, ■ sound like the tinkling of silver anklets was heard but nobody could find out from where it came. It was first heard by an eminent merchant. Once at midnight, ■ he ■ passing in his horse-carriage, he heard the sweet sound. He looked about to locate its source. But he did not see anyone. This intrigued him so much that he spoke about it to Sidi Badashah who was in charge of guarding the city.

Gujarat was then ruled by a

Muslim King. He had his capital in Ahmedabad. Sidi Badashah was one of his most trusted and loyal officers. He guarded the city so well that robbery was unknown and even petty thefts rarely occurred. The citizens slept at night with their doors open!

When Sidi Badashah heard the story of the tinkling anklets he promised to investigate into the matter immediately. He posted his soldiers at all the key places in Shah-e-Maidan at nightfall. As soon as it was midnight the sound was heard. Sidi at once rushed to the place, and he was followed by his soldiers. But nobody was seen





making the sound. They tried hard to search for the source of the sound, but it was of no avail. They stood baffled and wonder-struck.

After a few days the Sultan and his queen were passing by the place late in the night—and they too heard the sound. The queen told the Sultan, “You are a mighty King. Why can’t you solve this mystery?” The King called Sidi and asked him to solve the mystery at any cost.

Sidi tried his best but his efforts brought no result. Days passed, the musical sound continued to be heard and the mystery continued to baffle all.

At long last, one day Sidi chanced upon a woman of dazzling beauty and ethereal form. He at once drew out his sword and ordered her to stand still. But she walked on. Sidi ran and stood in front of her, barring her way.

“Who are you?” Sidi asked.

She gave a captivating smile and said, “Don’t you guard the wealth of this city? Well, I am the Goddess of Wealth. I am in search of a proper place for my habitation. Perhaps I should go out of your city and find a congenial place elsewhere.

Sidi replied, “Why don’t you select the palace of my master? If you like, I will just go and call him.”

The goddess said, “Oh no! I am fed up with living in palaces. Kingly pride is a momentary show.”

Sidi replied, “As you please. But, pray, kindly wait till I fetch the Sultan here.”

The goddess kept silent. The swan beside her gave a shriek as a cat attacked it. Sidi ran to rescue the swan, but the moment he turned back the vision had disappeared. Sidi was surely disappointed but he was determined not to give up.

After three days he once again saw the goddess sitting on the parapet of ■ fountain in Shah-e-Maidan. He rushed to her and beseeched her to settle in the city.

The goddess replied, "I do not feel like settling here where even the wealthy and influential are so petty-minded! Don't you think that if they stand in my presence they will lose their senses?"

Sidi said, "It is not always so. And even if it is, let me go and bring the Sultan here. If I cannot do even this much, ■ will be failing in my duty." She was pleased with his loyalty. "I'll be

here only till your return, not for a moment more," she said.

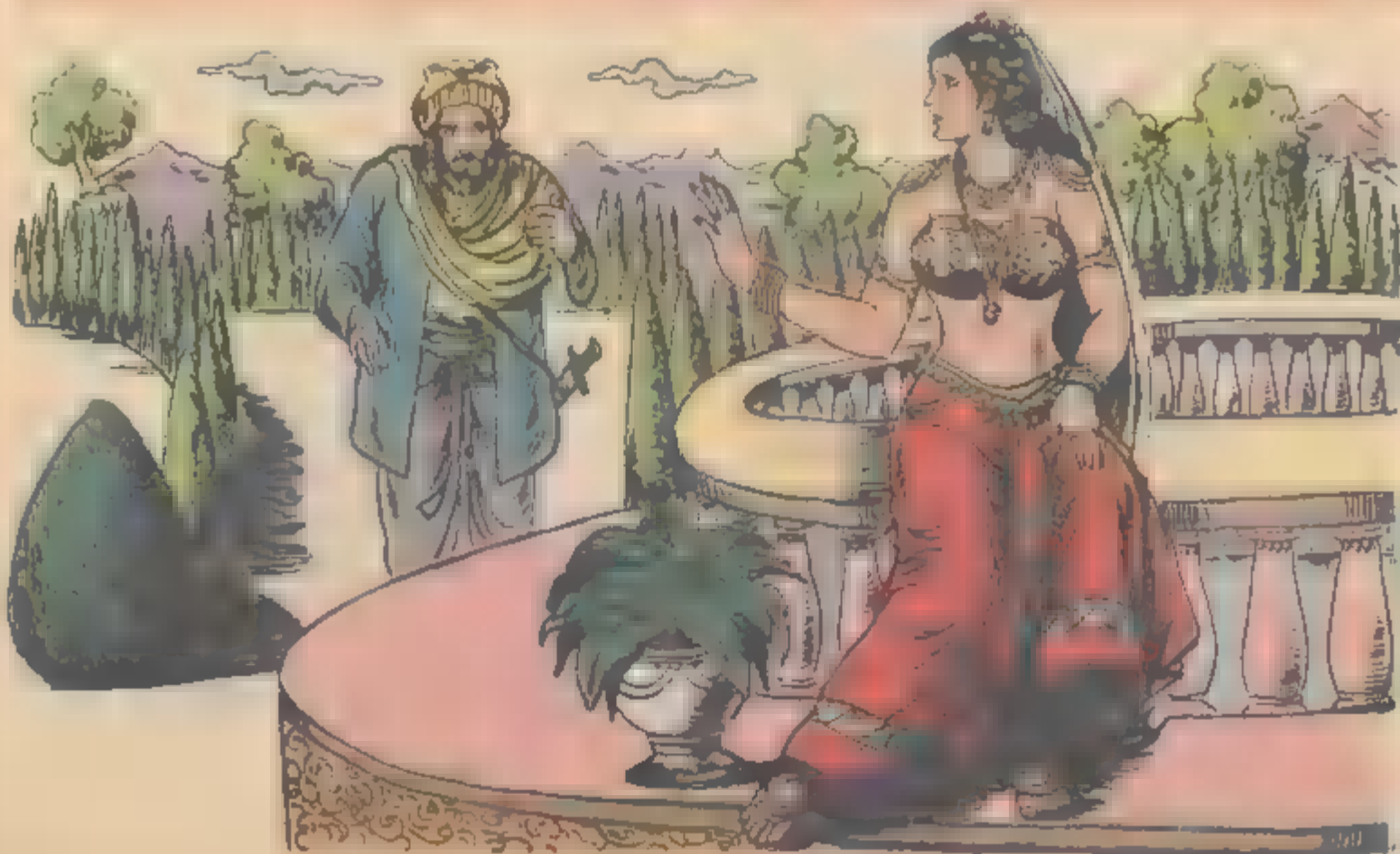
Sidi went to the palace which was outside the city and woke up the Sultan. Both started for the Maidan. "Your Majesty, I have a request to make," Sidi said stopping midway.

"What it is?" asked the Sultan.

"Cut off my head!"

The Sultan was shocked. Had his officer gone mad? He wondered. "Why do you make such ■ strange request?" he asked.

"The goddess has promised me that she will not go away until I returned. If I don't return, she will have to settle here perma-



nently. And what is my life in comparison to the lasting prosperity of your city? I do not mind to die. In fact it will be a glorious death."

"You deserve reward, not death," exclaimed the Sultan.

But Sidi continued, "Death is inevitable. Even if I don't die now I am sure to die one day. You cannot save me then. Then why not I die today for the good of the people and the glory of your kingdom?"

But the King was not persuaded. So Sidi said that if necessary he would kill himself. Once again he requested the Sultan to kill him in the name of God. As the Sultan was reluctant, he got ready to kill himself. But his hand was shaking. The Sultan knew that he will have an agonising death in his own hand. He acted swiftly and

beheaded his faithful officer.

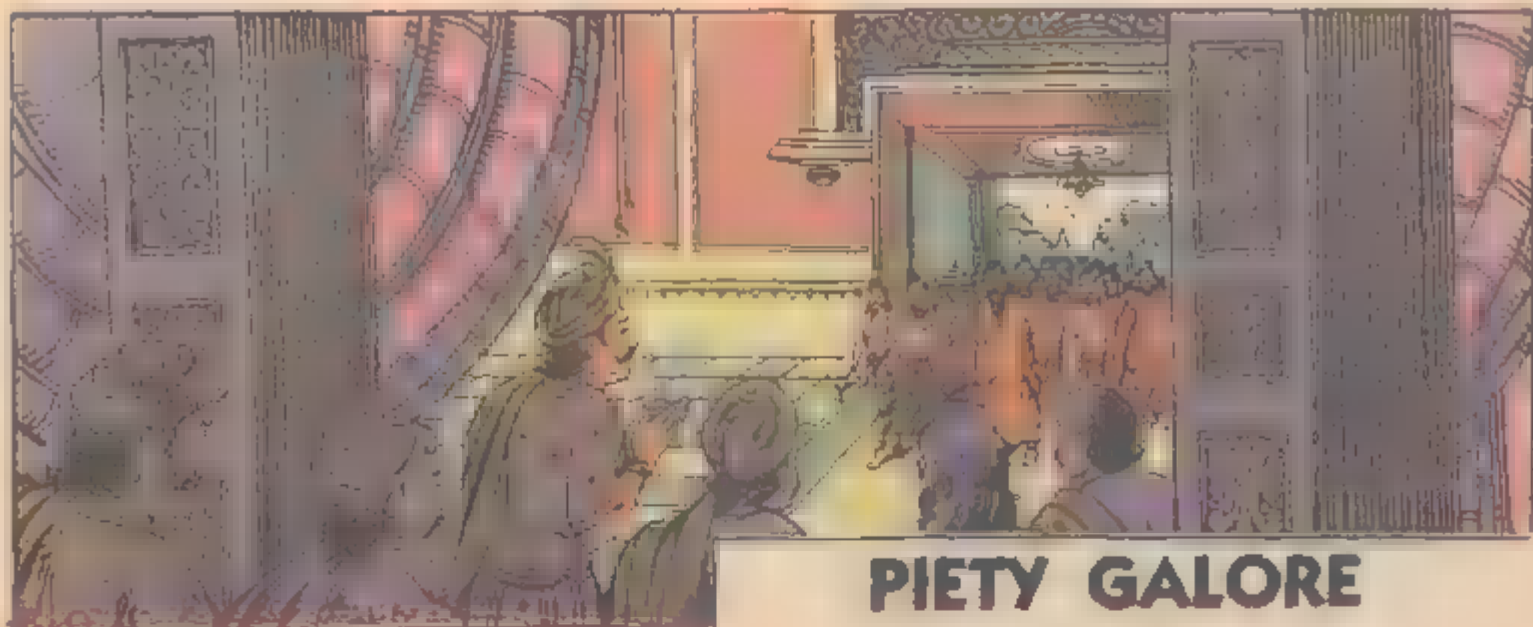
Then the Sultan hurried to the Maidan. There was no goddess, but her swan was there. When the swan saw him it flew on the parapet of the fountain and the parapet turned into gold. Struck by wonder the Sultan once again tried to approach the swan. But the swan flew away and sat on a roof. And the roof turned into gold.

The Sultan realised that the goddess was there, though not visible to him.

Since that day of the martyrdom of Sidi Badashah, Ahmedabad has been a city of wealth and prosperity. And he lies in his tomb in the 'Bhadra' area of Ahmedabad—more glorious in death than he ever was in life.

Retold by Dhananjay Desai





PIETY GALORE

Shantagupta, the King of Lavangapur, was a pious and kind hearted man. No doubt, there was peace in his kingdom. Cases of theft, burglary or dacoity were rarely heard. The officials worked dutifully. Days passed smoothly.

The King thought that there were not many problems in the kingdom regarding law and order. This was the right time for him to give attention to some project which will make his subjects more pious and more truthful.

One of his courtiers told him, "My Lord, if you wish to make your subjects pious, you must see to it that holy men like the Sadhus and the fakirs are honoured. When they find their rightful place in the society, their influences will be felt more

by the people. Under their influence the people will naturally become pious."

The idea appealed to the King. He opened a number of free lodges in different towns of the kingdom. Not only that, arrangements were made to provide them with good food and clothes.

There were two such centres in the capital town itself. From time to time the King paid visits to these centres and saw how the holy men were entertained to delicious dishes. The number of holy men went on increasing. The King concluded that the growing number indicated the growth in the degree of the people's devotion to religion. He instructed his officers to show respect to the holy men.

But, surprisingly, while the



kingdom was free from crime earlier, burglary and banditry were found to be taking place now.

"Your Majesty, many people are seen idling away their time. Some of them must be committing the crimes" observed one of the courtiers.

The King made a law that it was a crime to be idle. Idlers shall be punished.

Cases of burglary and rowdism were on the increase in spite of this new law.

This surprised the King. It was at this stage that the minister, who was on a pilgrimage, returned to the capital. He

advised the King to make a personal investigation into the matter. Both donned disguise and galloped towards a small town, away from the capital.

On the outskirts of the town was an inn. They deposited their horses with the inn-keeper and took some rest there. Soon they observed that a group of able-bodied men sat there playing cards or gossiping. They questioned the servant of the inn-keeper and learnt that these people whiled away their time in that manner day after day.

The King and the minister pretended to have come from another kingdom. Both talked affably with the idlers and cracked jokes. The idlers were convinced that the two were really strangers to that place.

"We heard that it is forbidden to idle away time in this kingdom. Is it true?" the King asked.

"True, but who will catch the idlers? The sepoys are all busy feeding the holy men," answered one of the idlers.

"Friends, you seem to have no work. What will you do to earn your food?" asked the minister.

They laughed. One of them said, "Brothers you are from another kingdom. Why are you so curious about our ways?"

It became lunch time. The King and the minister had arranged with the inn-keeper for their lunch. While eating, they saw those fellows getting ready to go out. Each of them changed his clothes for a set of ochre robe. Some of them put on garlands of rudraksha or Tulsi beads.

A furlong away was situated the relief centre for holy men. They entered it, had their food and returned to the inn. They took off their ochre garbs and

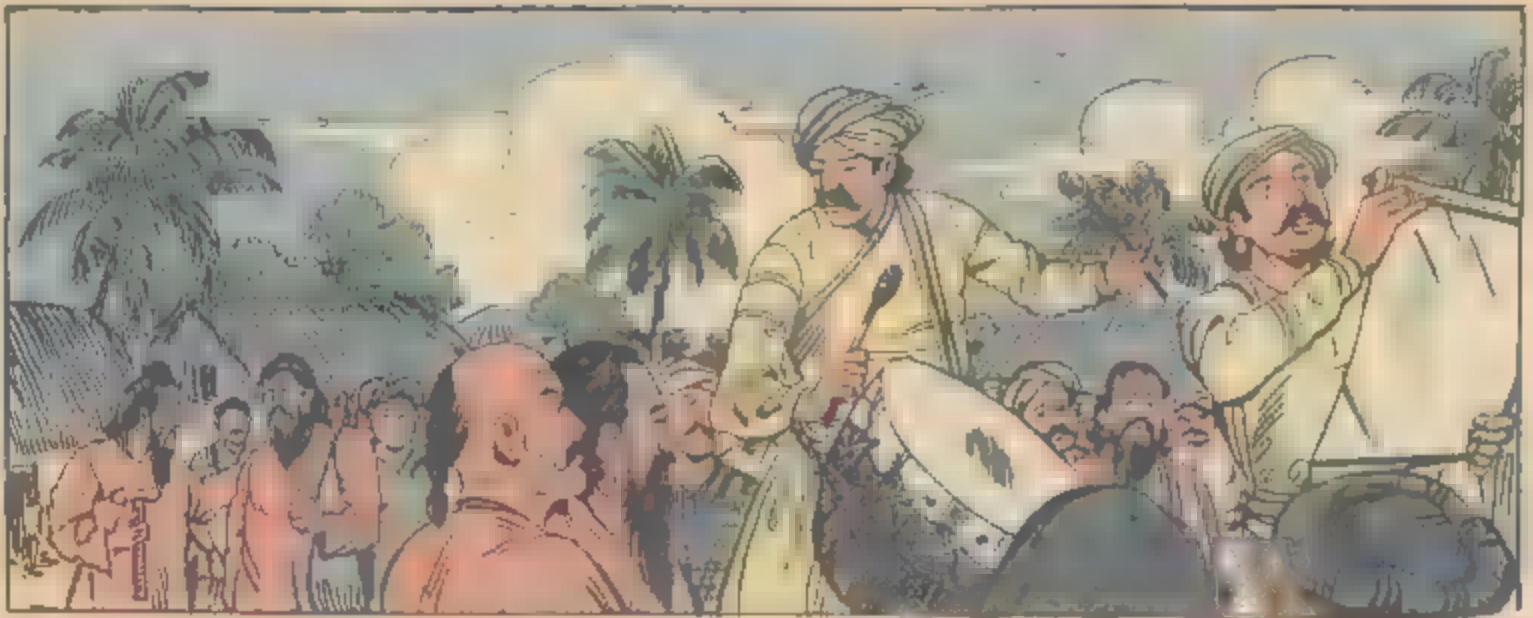
fell asleep.

They got up in the evening and had their dinner in the same way. After that they gathered in front of the inn and spoke in whispers. The King and the minister feigned sleep, but kept a close watch on them.

At midnight the gang stealthily left the inn. The King was left in no doubt that they were going to commit theft or dacoity.

The King and the minister left for the capital and immediately despatched a battalion of sepoy to the inn. The sepoy lay in ambush. As soon as the gang returned to the inn early in the morning, they pounced on





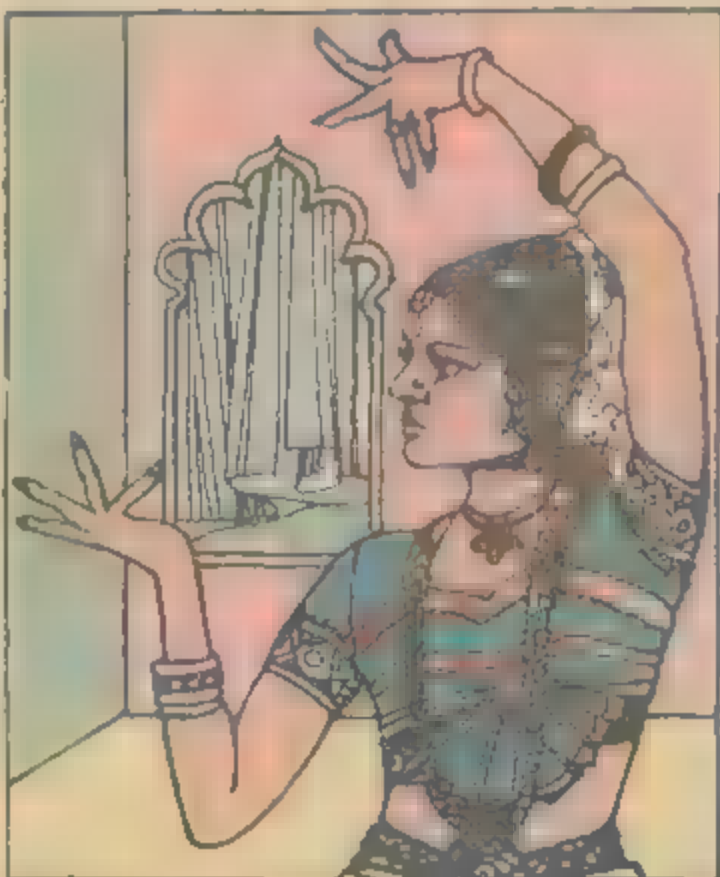
them. They were captured with their booty.

"My Lord, let us immediately close down the relief centres for the holy men. A real seeker after God or ascetic will find place in one Ashram or the

other. The kind of arrangements you made were bound to be put to wrong use," said the minister.

"You are right," agreed the King. Order was issued that very day closing down the relief centres.

WONDER WITH COLOURS



THE STRANGE LADY AND THE STRANGE BIRD

In the wilderness of Africa lived two brothers Kwato and Nyamo. The forest was like their home. They knew every nook and corner of it and they roamed about freely hunting or plucking fruits.

One day the two braved into a less-known part of the forest. As they advanced, they saw three large-size earthen pots lying in an open place, upside down.

"There are no human locali-

ties nearby. There are no rivers or lakes here that people should come to fill their pots with water. How did these pots come here? Let us go near them and see what they contain," said Nyamo.

"No, no. That will be unwise," said Kwato in the way of warning Nyamo. "Who knows what dangerous thing they might contain?"

Nyamo hesitated for a moment, but he could not contain



his curiosity. He approached the pots. At that Kwato fled to some distance.

Nyamo turned the first pot and looked into it. There was nothing inside. The second pot was also found to be empty. But when he opened the third pot, pop come out a little old lady.

Yes, she was little in size, a midget, and no doubt old. But she giggled like a cherub and thanked Nyamo. Looking at Kwato, she said, "You coward! Why are you so afraid of the unknown? I mean no harm to you!"

Then she looked at Nyamo and said, "Follow me!"

Nyamo followed her and Kwato, though unasked, did the same. "Cut down this tree," said the strange little lady, pointing her finger at a dry tree.

Nyamo struck the tree with his axe. What should they see but a cow emerging from the tree.

"Strike again!" ordered the lady. The second blow brought out a buffalo, the third blow a lamb—and creatures began coming out till the tree fell.

"My son, these are yours. Go home leading them and prosper," the lady told Nyamo. As Nyamo thanked her, she giggled again and ran away into the



forest.

"My brother, come, see what we have got. How happy our parents will be when we lead them home!" said Nyamo. Kwato was observing the miracle. He happily joined Nyamo and both began leading the animals home.

But it was hot and they were thirsty. They had seen ■ deep gorge with a flowing brook when they were following the old little lady.

"Come, let us drink from the brook," said Nyamo. He then found ■ strong creeper that could serve like a rope. "I will hold one end of the creeper.

You can descend holding to it and quench your thirst. Next, you will hold the rope and I will descend to the brook," said Nyamo.

Kwato did as suggested and drank from the brook and came up. It was now Nyamo's turn to go down. As soon ■ Nyamo reached the brink of the water, Kwato left hold of the rope. It was impossible for Nyamo to come out of the gorge.

Kwato led the animals home and told his parents that he had received them as a reward from a dwarfish old lady. His parents were surprised and happy "Where is Nyamo?" they asked.



Kwato feigned surprise and said, "I don't know! He returned home before me!"

Their parents and even all the villagers knew that Nyamo was capable of looking after himself.

But when Nyamo did not return even by night, all were worried.

Some women went to the river early in the morning. Suddenly a beautiful bird began to circle over their head, whistling restlessly. They felt as if the bird was trying to tell them something. They informed their men-folk. Soon a number of them came out to look at the bird. The bird flew in a certain direction and again came to them, showing them the way. It did this again and again until they had reached the gorge.

Then they heard a faint voice

They looked into the gorge and saw Nyamo crying. Immediately they fetched a long string of rope and rescued him.

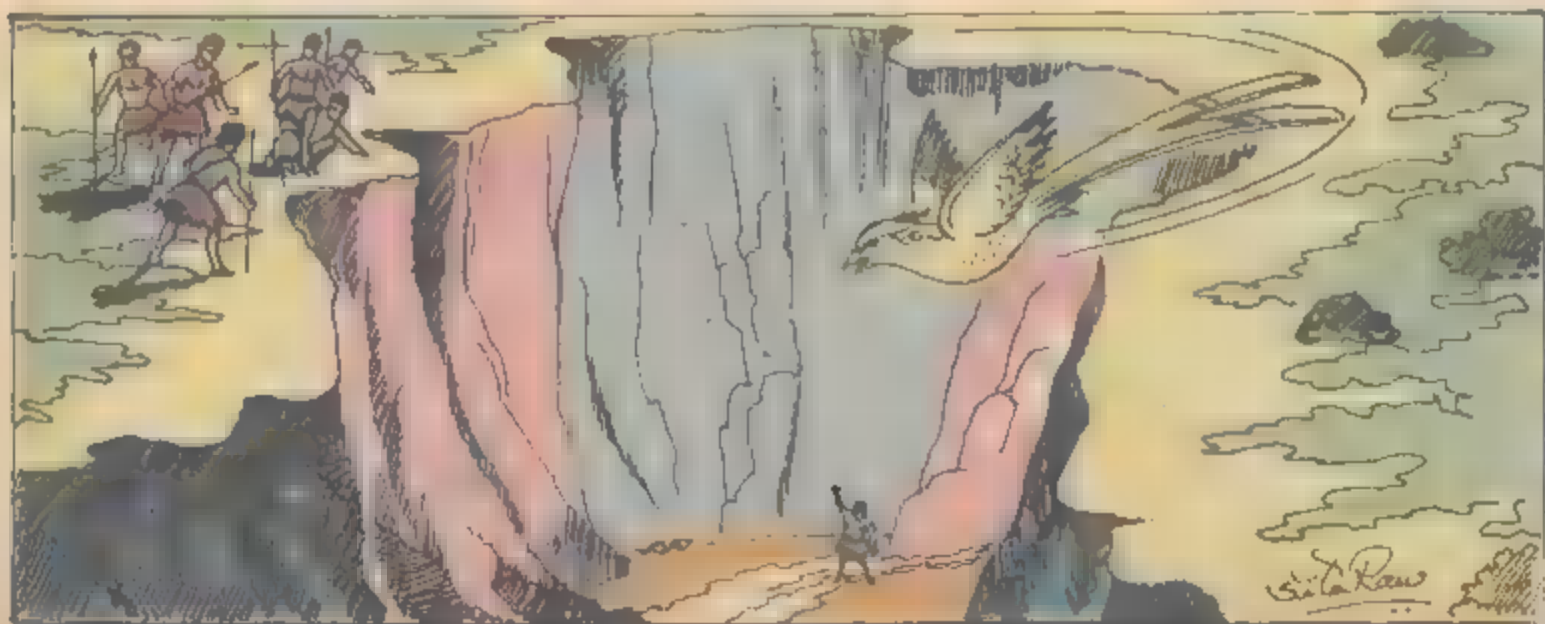
All of them surrounded him and listened to his story.

"I'm sure, the creeper Kwato was holding slipped away from his grip," Nyamo said.

But the villagers knew better. Had Nyamo's guess been correct, Kwato would have rushed back to the spot with helping hands. They looked for Kwato. "We'll give him a good thrashing!" they said.

But where was Kwato? He was not to be seen. Nothing was known of him even later.

Nyamo prospered. Since then whenever the people of his tribe see a new kind of bird whistling or chirping, they think that it is trying to tell them something.





ADVENTURE OF RAM AND KRISHNA

Vishweshwar Das was happy that his two young sons were back home after their studies in the town. He was a man of liberal ideas. He did not wish to impose his will on them as to whether they should take to farming or business or service. He waited for the boys to decide upon their future.

But the boys, Ram and Krishna, whiled away their time. They sat for long hours playing cards or talking of useless things.

"Tell me, boys, what would you like to do?" the father at last asked them.

"That is exactly what is keeping us thoughtful," replied

Ram.

"Never mind. Take time to decide. I'll do my best to help you," said the kind father.

The two young men looked at each other and nodded. After the father went away, Ram told Krishna, "I don't understand why people expect us to work. There is enough at home to eat. Why should people grudge us if we pass our time without harming anybody?"

"What you say is right. But we have to satisfy Father. A good idea has struck my mind. We will go out of home, saying to our parents that we are going in search of jobs to the town. We can return by evening and



say that there was no success. We can pass some days in this way," said Krishna.

"A wonderful idea!" exclaimed Ram.

The two brothers left home after a sumptuous breakfast, under the pretext of seeking suitable jobs in the town. Their fond mother gave them enough money for their lunch in a hotel.

They had been barely out of the village when they lost interest in travelling. Nearby was a pool and the shade of a big tree was quite cool. They decided to sleep beneath it, on the Nature's carpet of green grass. They began clearing the place of

dry leaves.

"How nice are these two boys—out to clean the fields!"

The boys turned to see who made the comment. It was Heera, a woman notorious for her sharp tongue.

"Aunty! We wish to construct a shrine on the spot," said Ram, feigning seriousness.

"A shrine to Ram and Krishna, I suppose?" asked Heera.

"That is right, for the sake of devotees like you," said Ram.

"How kind of you! In that case it is the duty of a devotee like me to contribute to your cause. Now, here is a gold bangle. It broke a moment ago and I was wondering what to do with it. Take it. It should fetch you good price!"

Heera put forth her bangle. The young men were only too happy to grab it. In fact, they were excited. As soon as the woman went away, they set out for the town.

"This will fetch us a few hundred rupees! What a fun! We can eat in the best restaurants for days together!" they said to each other. Boarding a horse-carriage that was heading for the town, they

reached the town in two hours.

"Now, we must ascertain the price of gold bangles before offering to sell it," said Krishna when they located a goldsmith's shop.

"Right. Let me wait here with the bangle. You go in and say that you want to buy a pair of bangles. The shopkeeper will then tell you the price," said Ram.

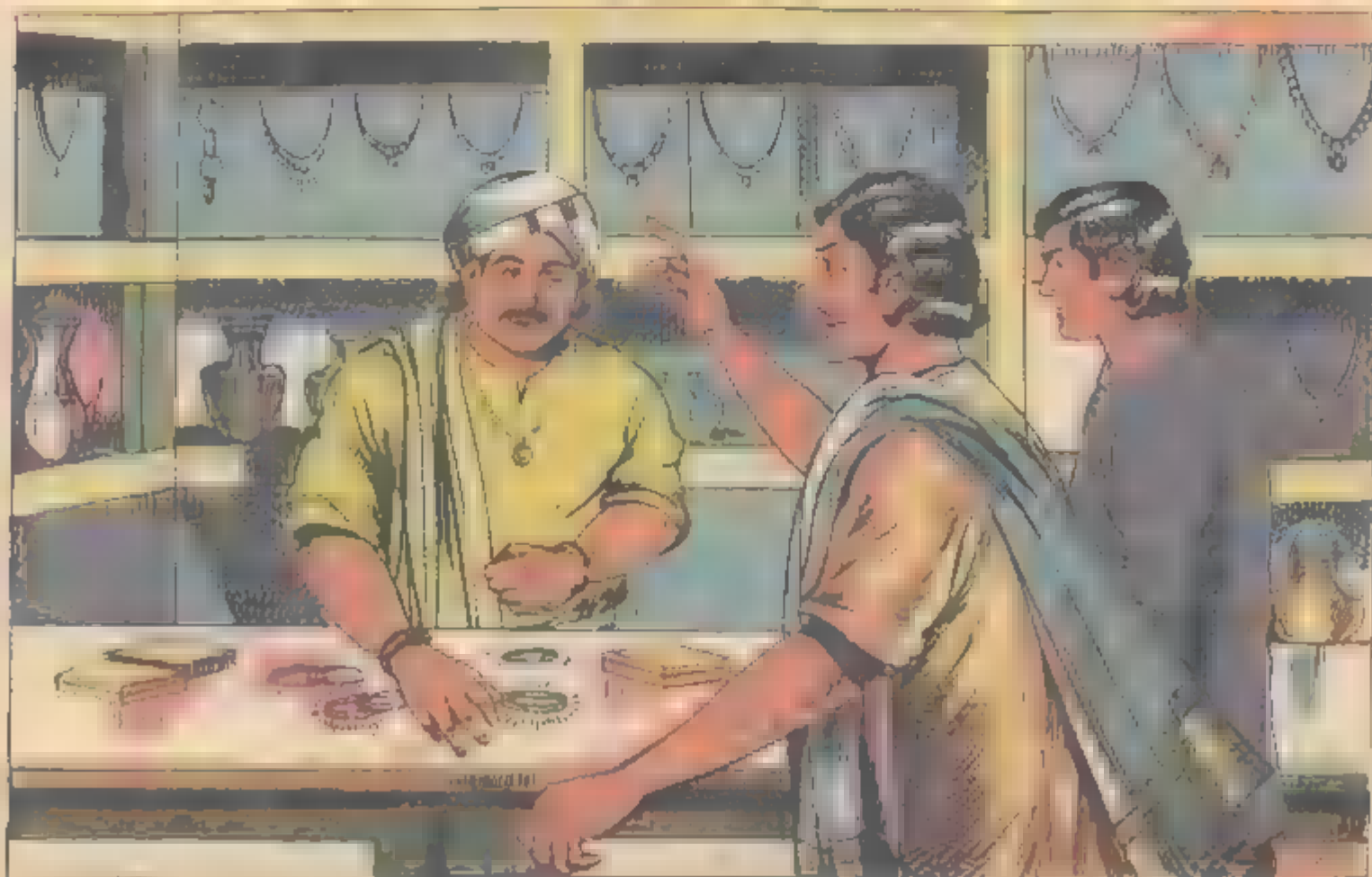
Krishna entered the shop, the goldsmith welcomed him and began showing him different kinds of bangles he had in store. Just then another customer came in and wanted to see a necklace. "I am in a hurry," he

declared.

Asking Krishna to make his selection, the goldsmith began showing necklaces to the other man. Krishna spotted a pair of bangles which resembled the one they had got from Heera. "What is the price for this pair?" he asked.

The goldsmith came over to him to tell the price. The other man flared up. "I don't want to buy anything from you. You are showing disrespect to me by giving attention to that boy!" he shouted and left in a huff.

"What a fellow!" said the goldsmith and he wanted to put the necklaces back in his draw-





er. At once he detected the fact that one necklace was missing.

"Thief!" he shouted. Two sepoy's were passing by. They rushed in at once. The goldsmith narrated to them in brief how the thief got away with the necklace.

Krishna, feeling uneasy at the sudden arrival of the police, was quietly walking away. But one of the sepoy's grabbed him. "This chap, no doubt, is his collaborator!" he said.

"Yes. This boy diverted your attention in order to give the other fellow a pretext to leave the shop in anger!" said the other sepoy.

"I'm innocent. I was asking the price of a pair of bangles!" said Krishna, on the verge of weeping.

"Bangles for your bride, is it? Don't worry. We'll lead you to your father-in-law's house. You'll be given free food and lodging. Now let us see how much money you carry to buy gold bangles!" said the sepoy's and they searched his person. They did not find a paisa.

Krishna was dragged to the police station. When Ram who was waiting outside saw this, he got nervous. He walked away as fast as he could and got into a carriage.

"We are going to the next town. Where do you propose to go?" asked the carriage-driver.

"To the next town!" replied Ram.

There was another passenger inside the carriage. He looked at Ram curiously and asked, "How did you get into the vehicle without first enquiring about its destination?" Have you enough money to pay the fare?

"I have," said Ram. He wanted to show him the money he had got from his mother. But because of his panic what he

brought out was the bangle!

"Let me see it!" said his co-passenger. He almost snatched it from Ram's hand and examined it. _

"That is my mother's gold bangle. I am asked to sell it," said Ram.

"Gold? Are you kidding me?" said the man scoffingly and he threw it out of the carriage.

"Who are you to throw away my property?" cried out Ram. "Halt! Halt!!" he shouted to the driver. The carriage stopped. Ram dragged his co-passenger out. "Get me my bangle!" he shouted. The man tried to get free from his clutch. Both fought. It so happened that the sepoy's were passing by the same way with Krishna.

"There goes the thief!" Krishna shouted, pointing at the man who was fighting with his brother.

The police caught hold of the man and recovered the necklace from him.

"This fellow is the third accomplice!" they said, holding Ram by the arm.

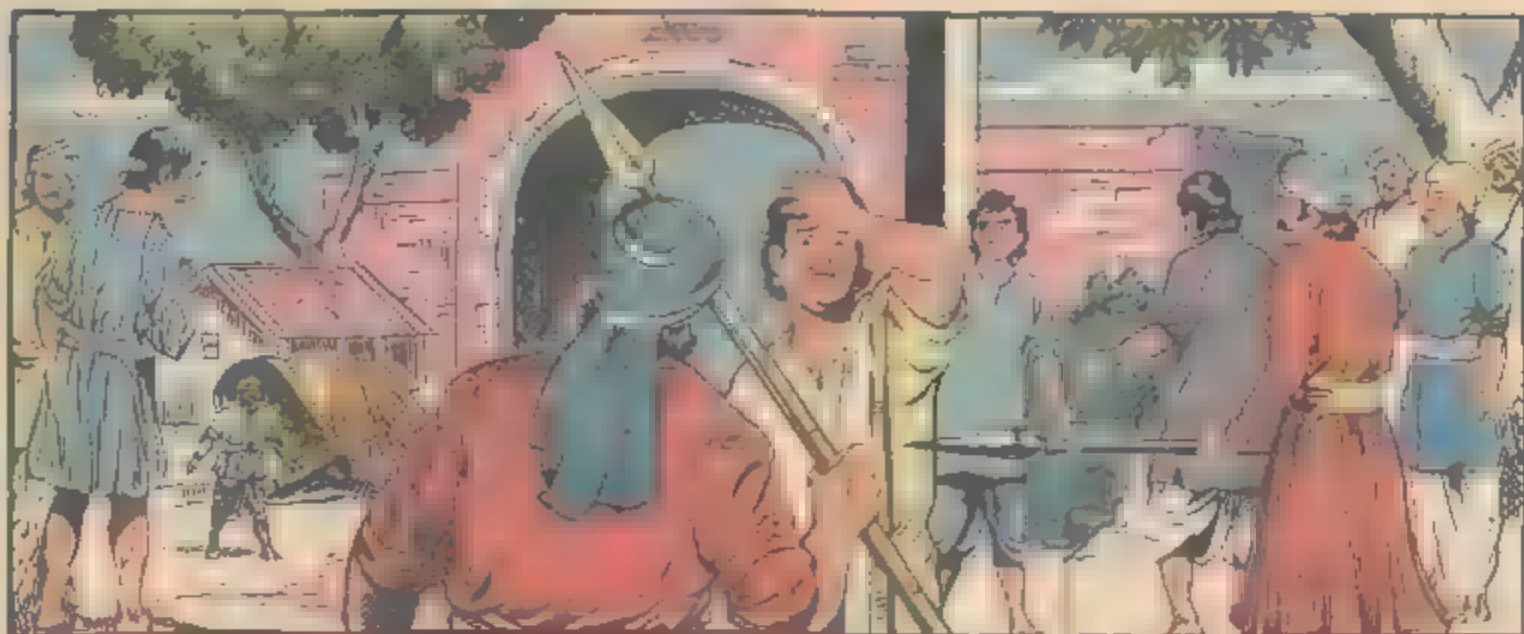
At the police station both the brothers narrated their story



frankly. The police recovered the bangle and summoned their father as well as Heera.

Said Heera, "I knew the boys to be idlers. When they bluffed me about their intention to build a shrine, I also gave them a worthless thing, declaring it to be gold. Am I that fool to contribute anything to their scheme—even if they had a scheme?"

Ram and Krishna stood their heads hung in shame. They were released by the police who knew that they were really honest. Their father who guided them home did not utter a word. But the boys had realised the



folly of idling away time. Idlers lose the habit of thinking intelligently. That is why they could be befooled even by Heera.

"Can we work in your farm?" they asked their father reluc-

tantly.

"Of course you can and you should! That is your farm!" replied the father.

Within a year Ram and Krishna proved to be ideal farmers.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



YAVAKRITA

THE YOUNG MAN WHO TAUGHT HIMSELF

Yavakrita was the son of ■ Rishi. He did not wish to be anybody's disciple. "I will teach myself all the Vedas," he said and studied the scriptures with great concentration.

"You are ■ bright boy. Any worthy teacher will feel happy to have ■ student like you," said the sages. But Yavakrita was adamant in pursuing his studies all alone.

One day as he was emerging from the river after a bath, he saw an old Brahmin throwing handfuls of sand into the wide river. "What are you doing?" he asked the old man. "I'm building an earthen passage to cross the river," replied the old man.

"How foolish of you! How can you build a passage across this mighty flow by throwing pinches of sand into it?" asked Yavakrita scoffingly.

"Young man, if you can think of crossing the river of knowledge without the help of ■ guru, why can't I succeed in my task?" asked the old man who was no other than Indra in disguise.

This made Yavakrita thoughtful. But he soon forgot about it and continued in his studies.

Because of his learning and austerities he became famous as a sage. But one day another sage's curse killed him. However, he was revived by the gods. Alive again he asked the gods how he got killed so easily.

The gods told him that since he had not learnt his lessons from any guru, he had not developed the quality of humility. Service and obedience to ■ guru earns for the disciple the guru's love and blessings. Yavakrita had grown proud. Knowledge alone cannot protect one against the power of a sincerely uttered curse. Only the spiritual protection given by the guru can protect one against such attacks.

Only then Yavakrita understood the value of the guru.



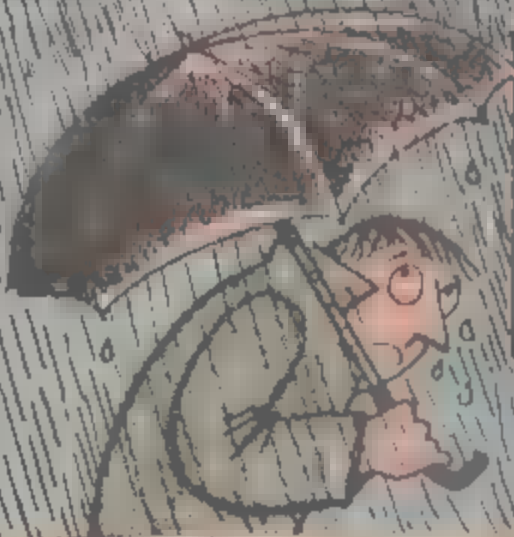
PIRANHA

THERE ARE 16 SPECIES OF PIRANHA FOUND IN THE RIVERS OF SOUTH AMERICA, BUT ONLY FOUR OF THESE ARE DANGEROUS TO MAN. THEY OFTEN SWIM IN SHOALS THOUSANDS STRONG.



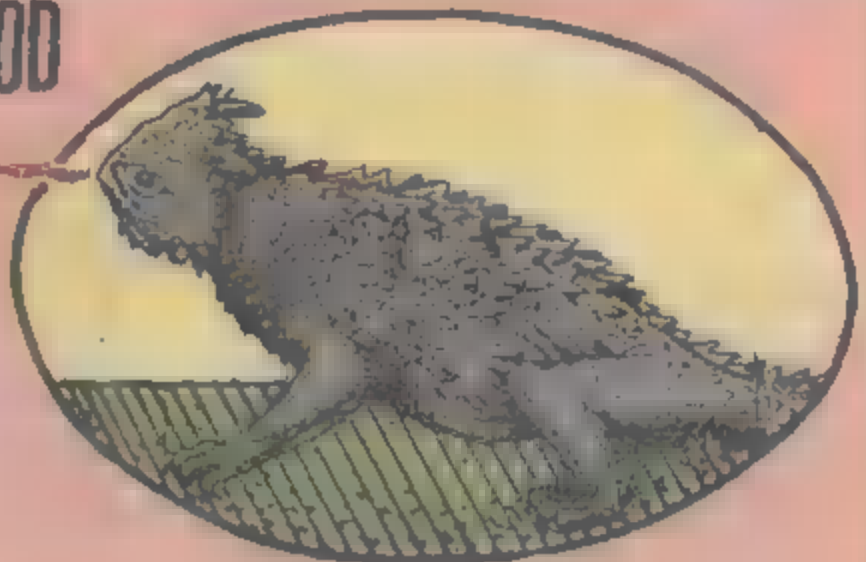
Wettest place

MT. WAI-ALE-ALE, HAWAII, HAS ABOUT 335 RAINY DAYS A YEAR WITH AN AVERAGE OF 486.1 INCHES (1235MM) OF RAIN PER ANNUM.

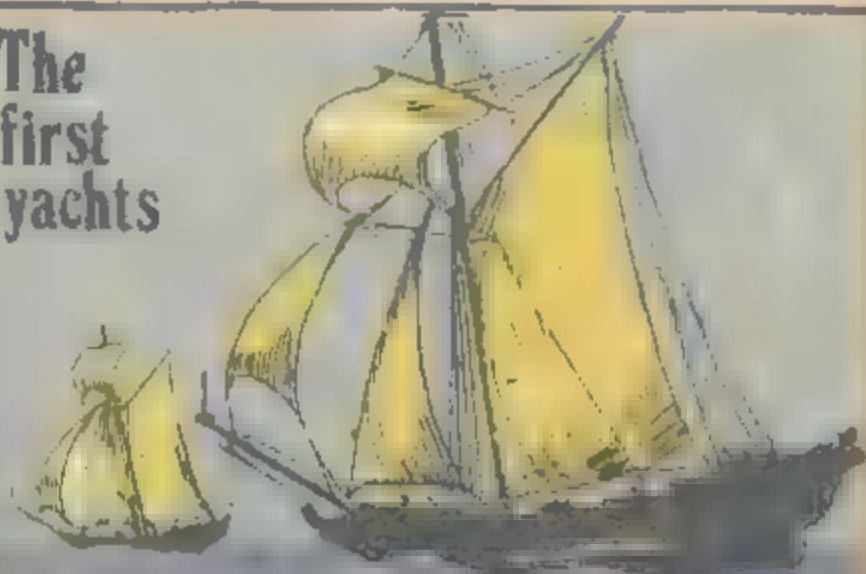


EYES THAT SPIT BLOOD

THE AMERICAN HORNED TOAD CAN SPIT BLOOD FROM ITS EYES! IT DOES THIS BY INCREASING THE BLOOD PRESSURE IN ITS HEAD AND RUPTURING THE MEMBRANES OF TINY BLOOD VESSELS IN ITS EYES. IT IS BELIEVED TO BE A DEFENSIVE MEASURE.



The first yachts



THE SPORT OF YACHTING IS SAID TO HAVE ORIGINATED IN HOLLAND. IT BECAME POPULAR IN ENGLAND WHEN KING CHARLES II RACED ON THE THAMES WITH HIS BROTHER JAMES, DUKE OF YORK, IN 1661. THE PRIZE WAS £100.

FIRST 100th

BILLY WRIGHT WAS THE FIRST ENGLAND FOOTBALLER TO MAKE 100 APPEARANCES FOR HIS COUNTRY.



Speed of a cricket ball



IT HAS BEEN RECORDED THAT THE HIGHEST SPEED REACHED BY A CRICKET BALL AFTER LEAVING THE BOWLER'S HAND IS 93MPH (149 KM/H)

THE DONKEY AND THE MONKEY

Jagan was a wealthy man, but a miser to the last degree. He ate well himself, but never entertained a single guest in his house.

One day three village boys, Sudhir, Samir and Prabhakar were talking among themselves.

"Can anybody ever induce Jagan to entertain him to a good meal?" Sudhir said, laughing.

"I cannot," said Samir.

"I can, if you allow me enough time," said Prabhakar.

"Days passed. One day Prabhakar approached Jagan and said, "Sir, I have come to seek your advice on a very important and private matter."

Jagan was about to blurt out, "How do I care for your private matter? Why should I give you any advice free?"

But before he had said so, Prabhakar said, "It is private because it concerns three thousand three hundred and three gold coins. Others may



laugh at me..."

"Come and take your seat, Prabhakar. First tell me how you are keeping..." Jagan showed him the best chair he had and dusted it himself with his towel.

"You know, my old house is being demolished. I don't understand why any of my ancestors should bury gold coins under the floor in a corner and that too three thousand three hundred and three in number!" Prabhakar said as if to himself.

Jagan's heart-beats ran faster. "Prabhakar, have I ever been unfaithful to you in anything? Now, tell me more about it—in detail. Yes, sometimes people did bury wealth in olden days. There were no banks or safe-lockers in those days, you know! Now, come on. Say more," said Jagan. Then he added, "Should I bring a glass of sarbat for you? We have fresh lemon..."

"No, thank you. I'll come in the afternoon. I've to go and cook for myself ■ my mother is away. I came just to fix ■ time with you for discussion," said Prabhakar.

"Don't you bother to cook,



dear Prabhakar. Can't you partake of your lunch with me?" proposed Jagan in great earnest.

Jagan asked his cook to prepare some delicious dishes. Prabhakar went on narrating in detail: "It was a moonlit night. The workers who were demolishing our old house had gone away. Suddenly I felt like going into the ruins. In ■ corner of our courtyard was seen something like the dazzling rim of a brass jar..."

Prabhakar went on narrating in detail about the wind that was blowing, about the spade he used and all such things. A

sumptuous lunch was spread for both. Prabhakar went on with his narration while eating. "When I found the gold coins, I don't know why I thought of handing them over to you!" he said.

Jagan shouted for his cook, "Give Prabhakar more curd, more halwa, more curry and Polau!"

They finished eating. Handing over a pan to Prabhakar, Jagan asked, "Now, tell me, my friend, what guidance do you seek from me?"

"You are a wise man. I just wish to know what this dream of mine means," said Prabhakar.

"Dream?" asked Jagan raising his voice. "Do you mean that you have not really found any gold?"

"No, Sir, what I narrated to

you is a dream. People say that dreams have special meaning. What does my dream mean? I wonder why any of my ancestors should bury three thousand three..."

Jagan was fuming with anger. "Your dream means that I am a donkey and you are a monkey!" he growled.

"I see! Who else could have explained my dream in such way! Now I must ask some wiser man why this dream should mean that you are a donkey and I am a monkey!" observed Prabhakar as he went out.

Back amongst his friends, Prabhakar told that he wanted some time so that he won't be required to speak a total lie to Jagan. He had really dreamt that he found the wealth. Now, his only trick lay in the way he narrated his dream to Jagan.





New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire

FATHER AND SON

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the rumbling of thunder could be heard the moaning of jackals and the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, ■ soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, the Vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I don't know who thrust upon you such an arduous task. Also, I don't know whether he wishes you some benefit or harm. There is no certainty that one's well-wisher will always impart good advice to one. Let me give you an instance to illustrate my point. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief.

The Vampire went on : In the village of Dhavalgiri lived a



farmer named Prasanna. The lands he owned yielded him good crops and his family lived comfortably.

But Prasanna took great care of his lands. The way he worked and nurtured his crops was an example for the other farmers of the village.

Prasanna had two sons: Jeetendra and Samar. Jeetendra had grown a deep interest in the fields right from his childhood. As soon as he completed studies in the village primary school, he joined his father in farming.

With Jeetendra's help Prasanna succeeded in deriving still more benefit from the soil. He was very happy. He looked for-

ward to the day when Samar too would begin to assist him.

In due course of time Samar completed his studies. At his father's asking, he went to the fields, but he hardly worked. He spends his time either drawing landscapes on his slate or making toys with clay.

Prasanna was unhappy to see his younger son whiling away his time in that manner, but he never took him to task for it. Rather he tried to explain to the boy the pleasures of farming and the benefit of labours in the fields.

Time passed. Samar was a reluctant worker. One day he told Prasanna, "Father, I'd like to take up some business in the town."

"What!" shouted Prasanna in surprise. "What business can you do? Nobody in our family had ever taken up any business. I'm sure, yours is a foolish idea. Give it up and concentrate on farming."

"Father," Samar persisted. "You have a great friend in the business community in the town. He is Lalu Seth. If you recommend me to him, he will help me."

Prasanna was in no mood to

pay attention to Samar's proposal. "I was planning to buy the landlord's grove adjacent to your paddy fields. It is keeping your support in view that I was going to do so. How can you think of taking up business?" Prasanna said with some anguish.

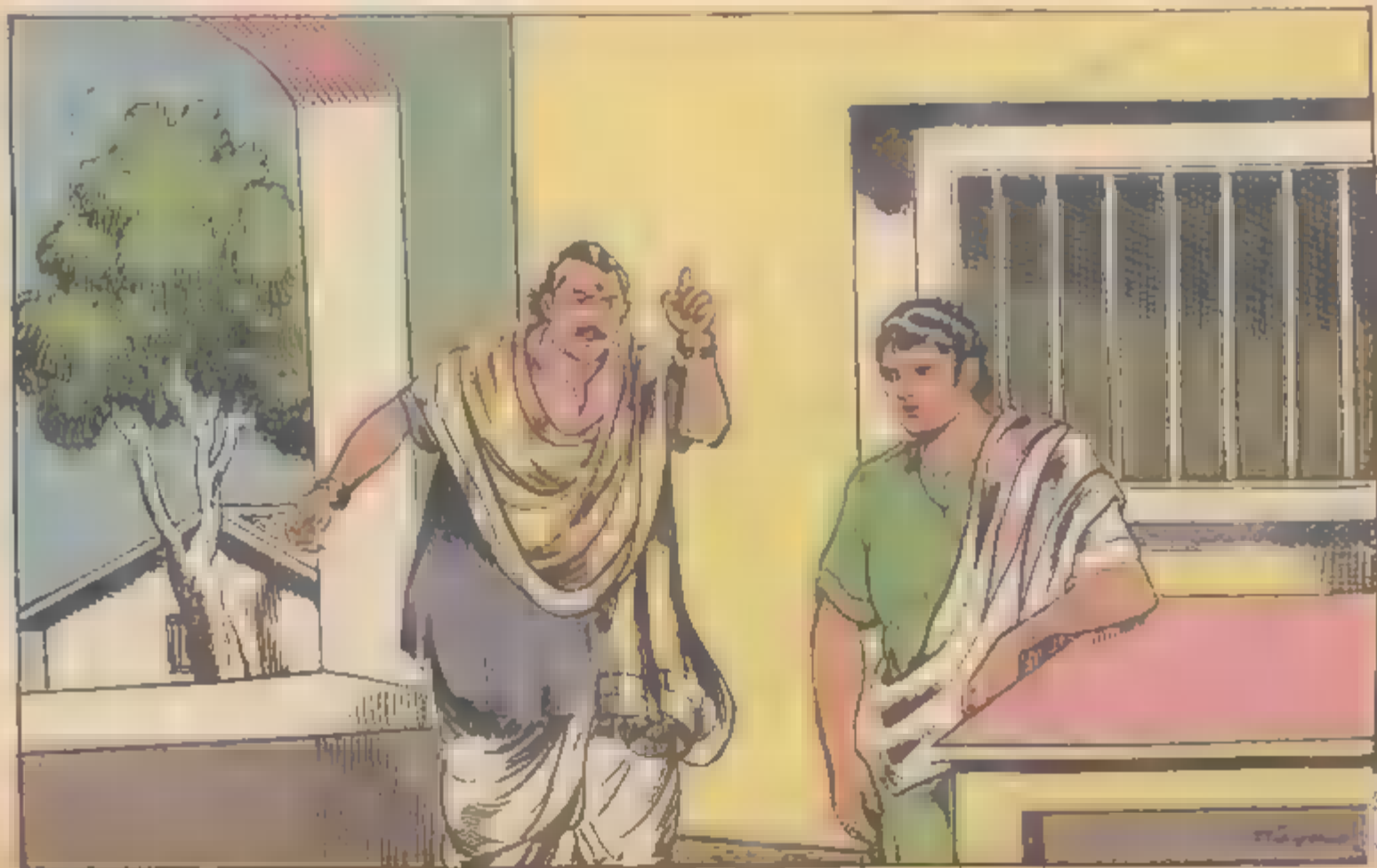
"Father, if I have Lalu Seth's guidance, I can succeed in business in no time," rejoiced Samar.

"No! I will never request Lalu Seth to help you!" said Prasanna angrily.

"In that case, Father, please give me some money for me to use as capital. I will do whatever I can," said Samar.

This annoyed Prasanna even more. He chided Samar for his audacity. Samar gave retorts. They quarrelled. Samar went to the extent of claiming his share of the family property! The kinsmen blamed the boy for his rudeness and tried to put some good sense into him. But nothing worked. At last a meeting of the leading villagers suggested that Prasanna be pleased to give some money to Samar to start his business. They laid down a condition for Samar — that he must show profit within a year. If he fails to do so, he should return to the village and assist his father in farming.

Samar happily agreed to the





condition. Next day his father gave him some money and he set out for the town. At the time of departure he bowed to his parents. His mother shed tears and blessed him; his father said nothing.

In the town Samar fell into the wrong kind of company and in three months lost all the money he had invested in business. Terribly disappointed, he tried to make good his loss through gambling. He lost whatever was still left with him. In order to forget his frustration he took to drinking. Soon he fell sick. Some of his friends carried him back to his village.

As soon as he recovered, he

began going to the fields according to the condition to which he had agreed. But he was neither physically able enough to do the field work nor mentally interested in it. However, he went on working mechanically.

By and by his health failed and he looked depressed though he did not complain about it.

A year passed. One day Prasanna summoned both his sons to his room. He told his elder son, "Jeetendra, I see that you have mastered farming very well. I'm sure, you can carry on the work alone. I wish to go over to the town and start a business. Samar will go with me and help me. When he takes over the business from me, I will be back in the village."

Both the sons were surprised. Jeetendra said after a while, "As you please, Father!"

In a few days Prasanna set out for the town with Samar.

The Vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, I wonder if you can resolve my doubts regarding Prasanna's conduct. Prasanna was sure that business did not suit the temperament of the members of his family. Even

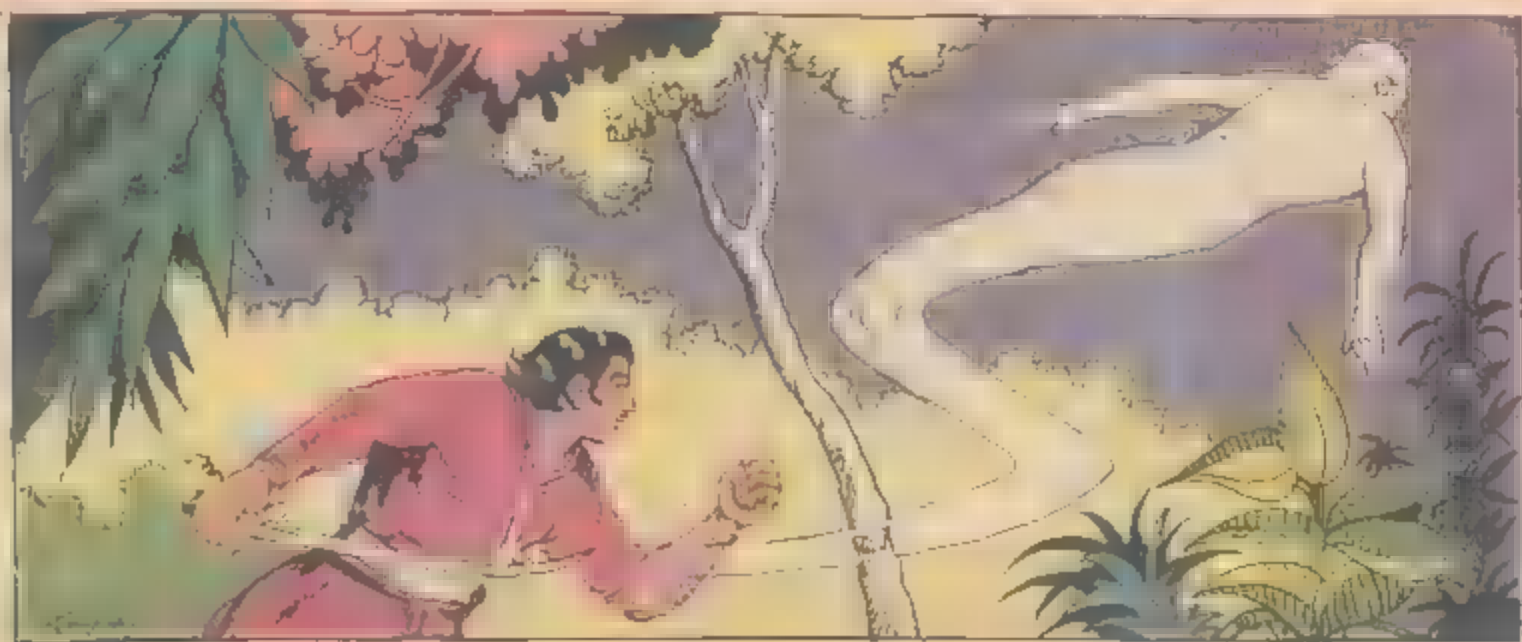
then how did he decide to launch a business at an advanced stage of his life? Then, Samar had miserably failed in his business venture. What help could Prasanna expect from him? Was it not mad of him to take such a decision? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith answered King Vikram: "Prasanna was a good man. But good men too make mistakes. Prasanna failed to appreciate the fact that interests of people differed from one another. Because Jeetendra was interested in farming, it did not follow that Samar too should be interested in that. He should have taken note of Samar's interest in drawing and making clay images. Perhaps Samar

would have become a gifted artist or sculptor. Then, when Samar wanted to do business, Prasanna should have tried to help him through his own contacts with successful businessmen like Lalu Seth. Samar failed because of lack of experience and guidance.

"Though late, Prasanna realised that he had failed in his duty towards Samar. He understood that Samar's failing health and depression was because of his failure in achieving what he wanted to achieve. It is not for any ambition that Prasanna decided to launch a business, but to restore Samar to health and happiness. He was doing the duty of a conscientious Father."

No sooner had the King concluded his answer than the Vampire along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



TEST FOR A TRUE RULER

In a small town called Shanti Nagar there was a guru who had many young men for his students. Many of them came of noble families. The guru was a man of great learning. Among his students was Ajay Singh, a Prince, and Vijay, a Minister's son. They were very good friends. But it did not stop them from having arguments between themselves.

One afternoon, as the guru was resting, Ajay and Vijay

were arguing as to what makes a King successful. Said Ajay, "A King is proved to be strong and he grows popular when he conquers more and more lands."

Vijay did not agree with him. He replied, "The popularity of a King depends upon his success as a ruler. He must also have courage and a strong will to stand by his principles. He must be concerned about the well-being of his subjects."

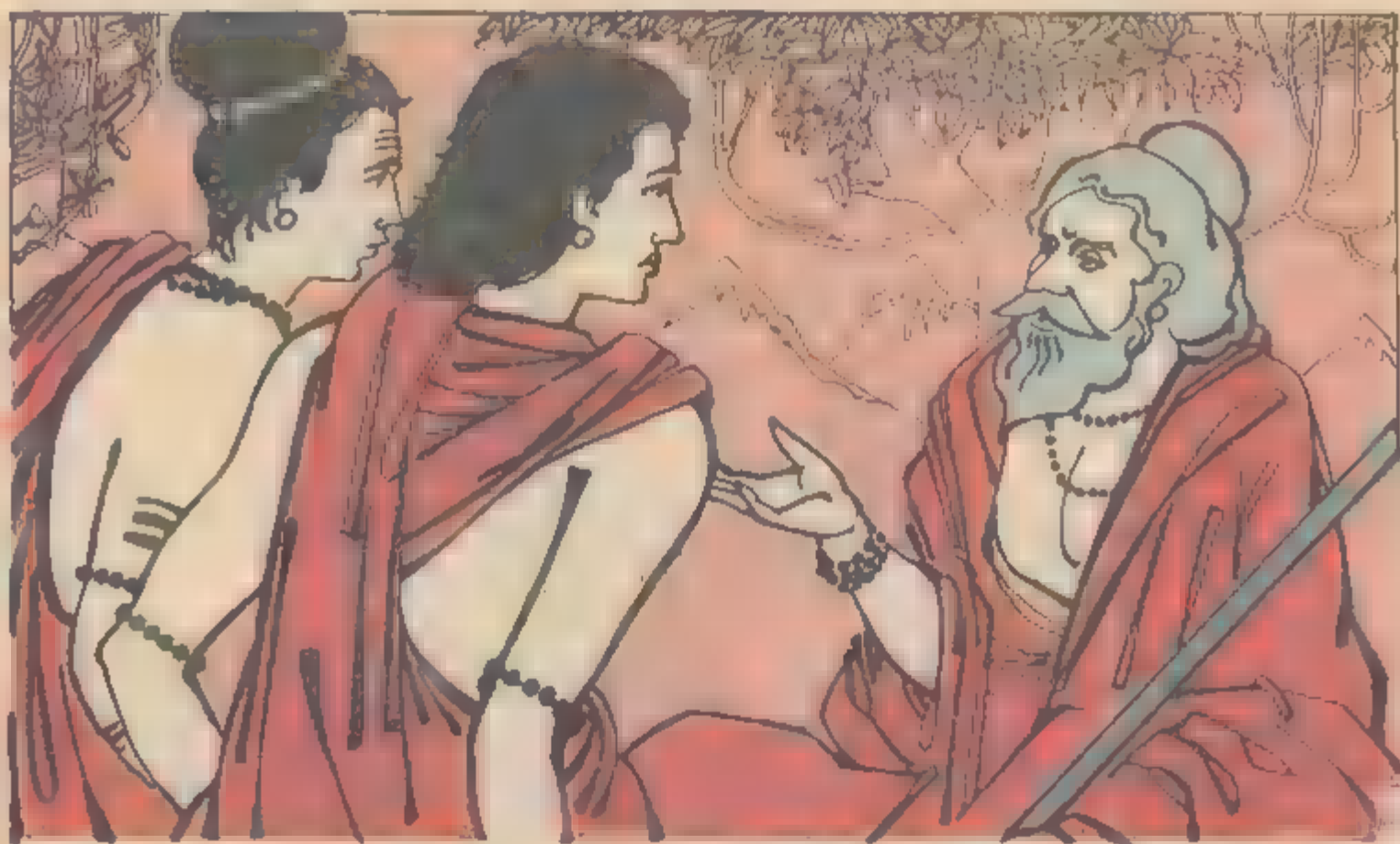
They could not find a com-



mon point of agreement. Ajay walked up to the guru and put forth their dispute before him. The guru patiently explained to the King's son, "One of the duties of the King is to expand his kingdom, but he must have some justification for conquering others' lands. If there is ■ famine in the neighbouring kingdom and the people are suffering because of an indifferent King, then he is justified in attacking that kingdom if he means well of the suffering people. Of course, the primary duty of a King is to protect his own kingdom and, as Vijay says, to ensure the well-being of his

subjects. He must be alert to find out whether the laws of the land are implemented properly or not. It is his duty to look after his subjects as a mother looks after her children."

The guru then went on to give an example: There was ■ King Meghavahna by name, who ruled Kashmir many centuries ago. He was ■ virtuous ruler. Upon ascending the throne, he passed ■ law prohibiting sacrifice of all living creatures. Human and animal sacrifice were in practice and he hated it. But he was a kind King. He helped those who were affected by this law by giving them suitable



works or grants of money.

The King looked upon the new law as sacred and was keen that it should not be violated. He even set out for conquering the neighbouring kingdoms so that the law could be extended to those areas.

One day while returning home from one of his expeditions, he was resting on the banks of a river, under the shades of a grove. He heard a cry of distress from the woods nearby: "Must I get killed even under Meghavahana's rule!"

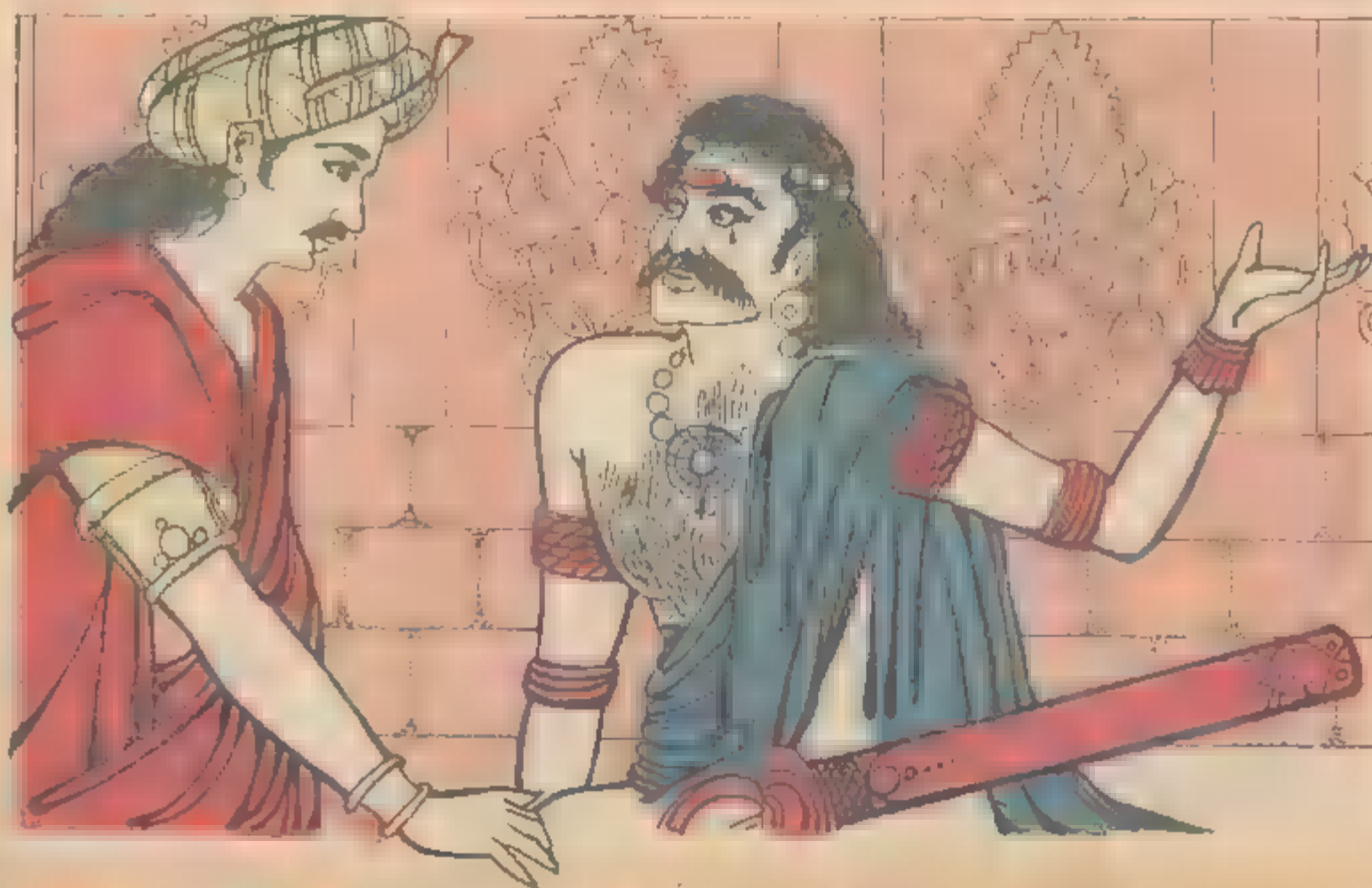
This surprised the King very much and at once he went to find out what the matter was.

He saw a temple of the Goddess Durga. Inside it a man was about to be killed by a tribal chief. The King asked the chief to explain his conduct.

Replied the man, "My little son lying here is at the point of death, inflicted by a fatal disease. I am told that I must sacrifice a man for the recovery of my son. If the sacrifice of this captive is prevented, then my son shall die!"

The King felt distressed. "Do not despair, my friend," he told the captive, "I will give up my life so that you as well as the ailing boy are saved!"

The tribal chief tried to per-



suade the King not to give up his life, but the King was firm. In his eagerness to protect the man and save the boy, he drew out his sword and was about to behead himself.

To his surprise his arm was held back and ■ garland of flowers dropped around his neck. Astonished, he turned back. What he saw dazzled his eyes. There stood a luminous divine form. The captive, the tribal chief and his son had disappeared.

Then the guru continued, "It was just a test conducted by Varuna, the Sea God. He wanted to test the nobility of the

King. The King passed the test successfully because he was indeed ■ man of compassion and was prepared to undergo any amount of suffering in order to stand by the sacred law which he had passed."

Ajay Singh then realised that power alone does not make ■ King successful. A truly great ruler is he who will not hesitate to stand by a principle which he had made into a law—even if it cost him his life.

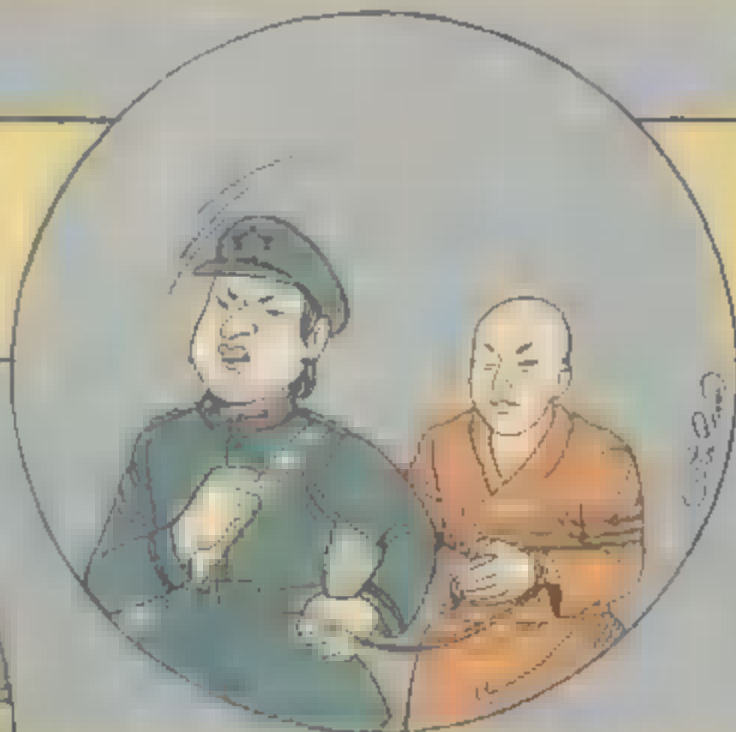
Adapted from the Rajatarangini.

BY [REDACTED]



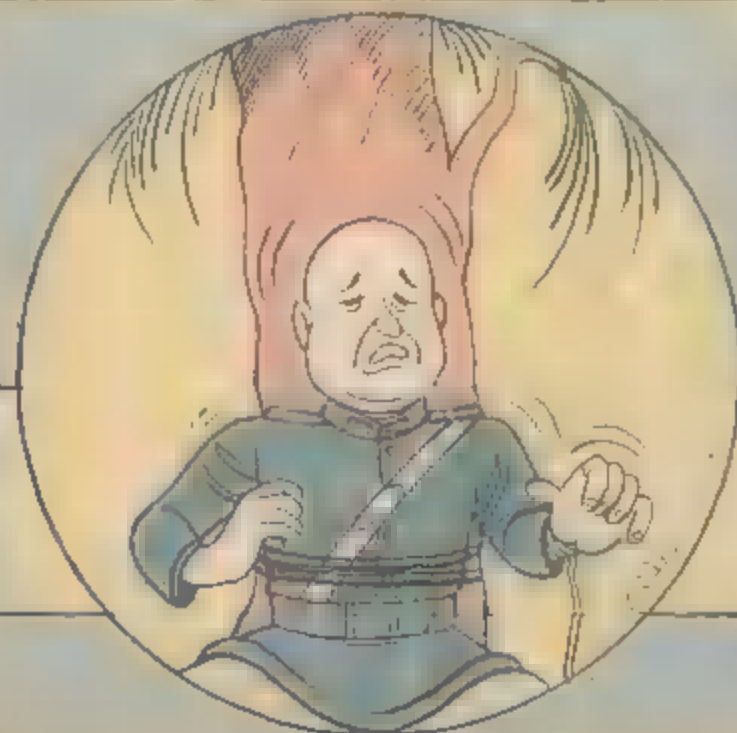
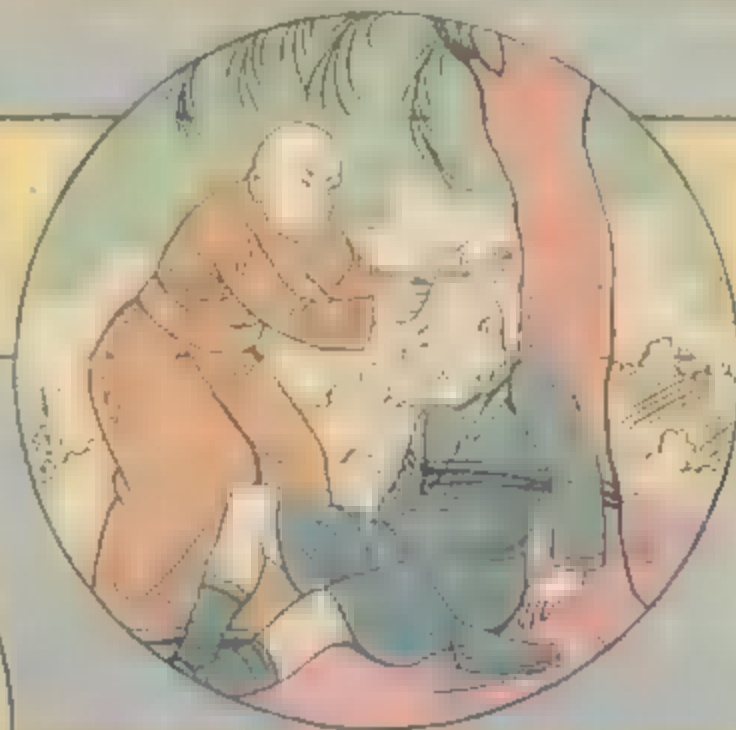
WHERE AM I?

A policeman in China went to arrest a priest who was guilty of corruption. He tied a rope around the priest's waist and led him towards the court

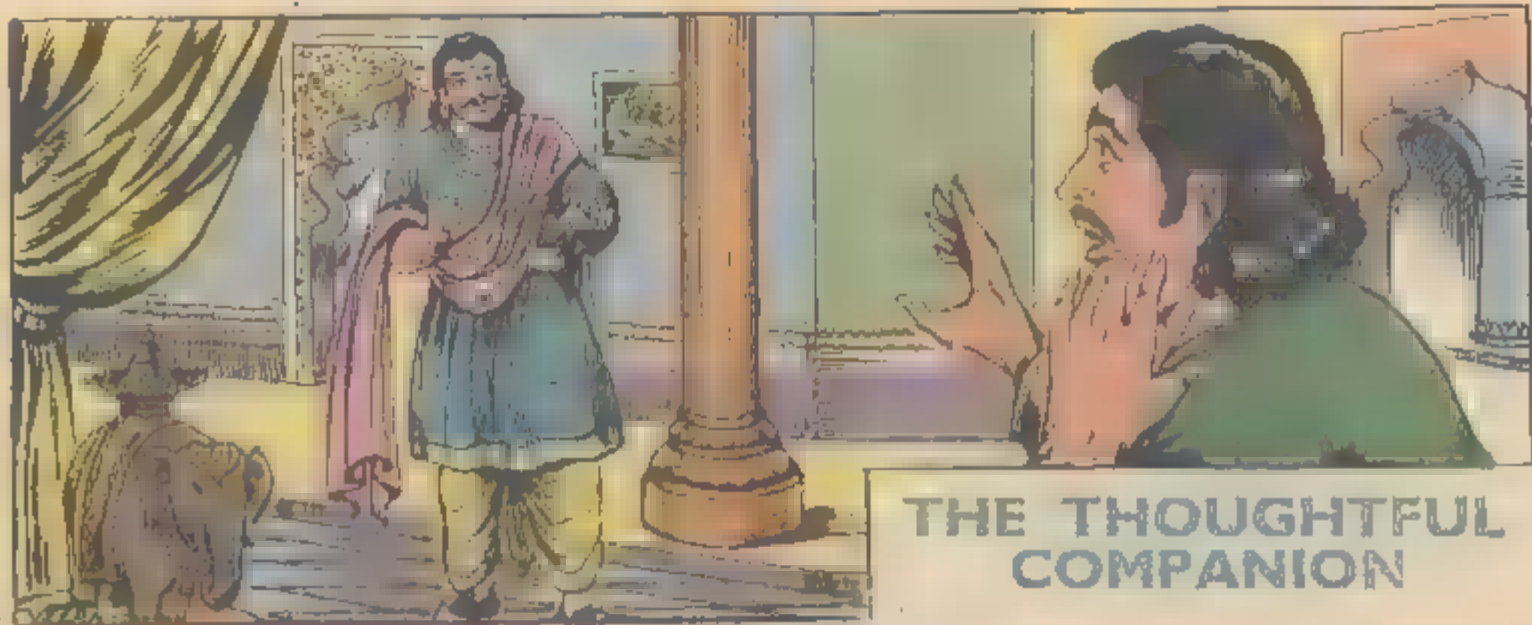


On the way there was a wine-shop. "Policeman, sir, let's have a drink, at my expense, of course!" suggested the priest. The policeman happily agreed to it.

Soon the policeman got drunk. The priest led him to a lonely place, and shaved his head and put the rope around his waist and tied him to a tree and walked away.



After two hours the policeman slowly came to senses and felt his head and felt the rope "Here is the priest," he said, "But where am I?" he wondered.



THE THOUGHTFUL COMPANION

“Look here, I am a busy man, am I not?” Dev Singh, the rich zamindar, asked his friend, Kishan.

“Of course, you are, you are always busy playing cards or chess, busy drawing your menu for breakfast, lunch and dinner and busy leading our gossip sessions too! Besides, you have to give attention to your estates too!” observed Kishan.

“Right. Do I have time to think?” asked the zamindar.

“You don’t have, I must say!”

“Yet to think is desirable. I have hit upon an idea. I should hire a man to think for me. He will be always with me. From time to time I will ask him what he was thinking!” said the zamindar.

“A very thoughtful idea. Who says that you don’t think? My

brother-in-law Baburam thinks a lot. He will be a good thinking companion to you,” said Kishan.

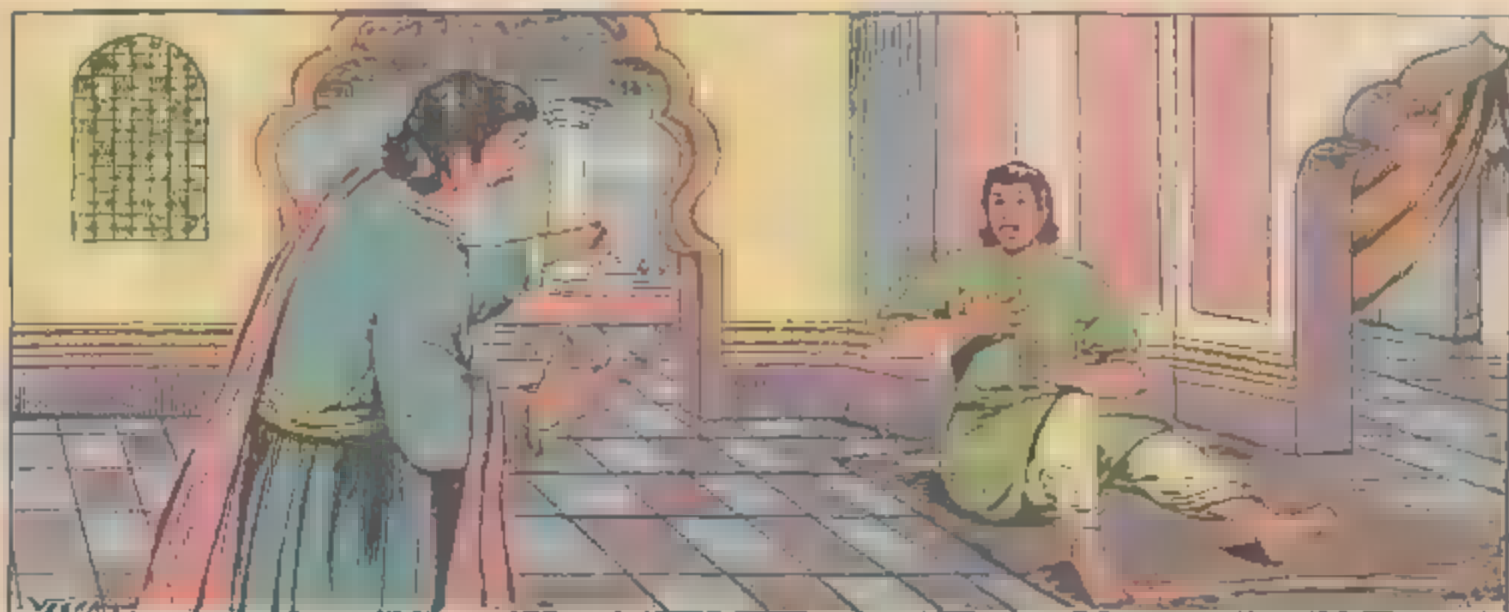
Baburam was employed at a handsome salary. The zamindar would suddenly ask him what he was thinking and would be happy with his answer.

He woke one night and came out of his room. Baburam lay on the verandah. “What are you thinking?” he asked his companion.

“I’m thinking why burglars choose dark nights for their work.”

“Fine,” commented the zamindar and he returned to his bed. But as sleep evaded him, he came out once again and asked Baburam, “Are you asleep?”

“Not at all. In fact, I’m think-



ing why the burglars always choose the houses of the wealthy!"

"Excellent!" commented the zamindar and he tried to fall asleep once again. He succeeded. Early in the morning he came out and asked Baburam, "What are you thinking now?"

"I'm thinking what the burglars might be doing to the money they stole from your treasury!"

"What! You saw them steal-

ing and yet you did not shout for me?" shouted the zamindar.

Baburam kept mum.

"Why don't you answer? What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking why I did not shout!" replied Baburam.

"Get out!" shouted the zamindar again. Baburam obeyed him.

"The zamindar now realised that there was no alternative to his thinking himself whenever possible!

Genesis ■ Stars

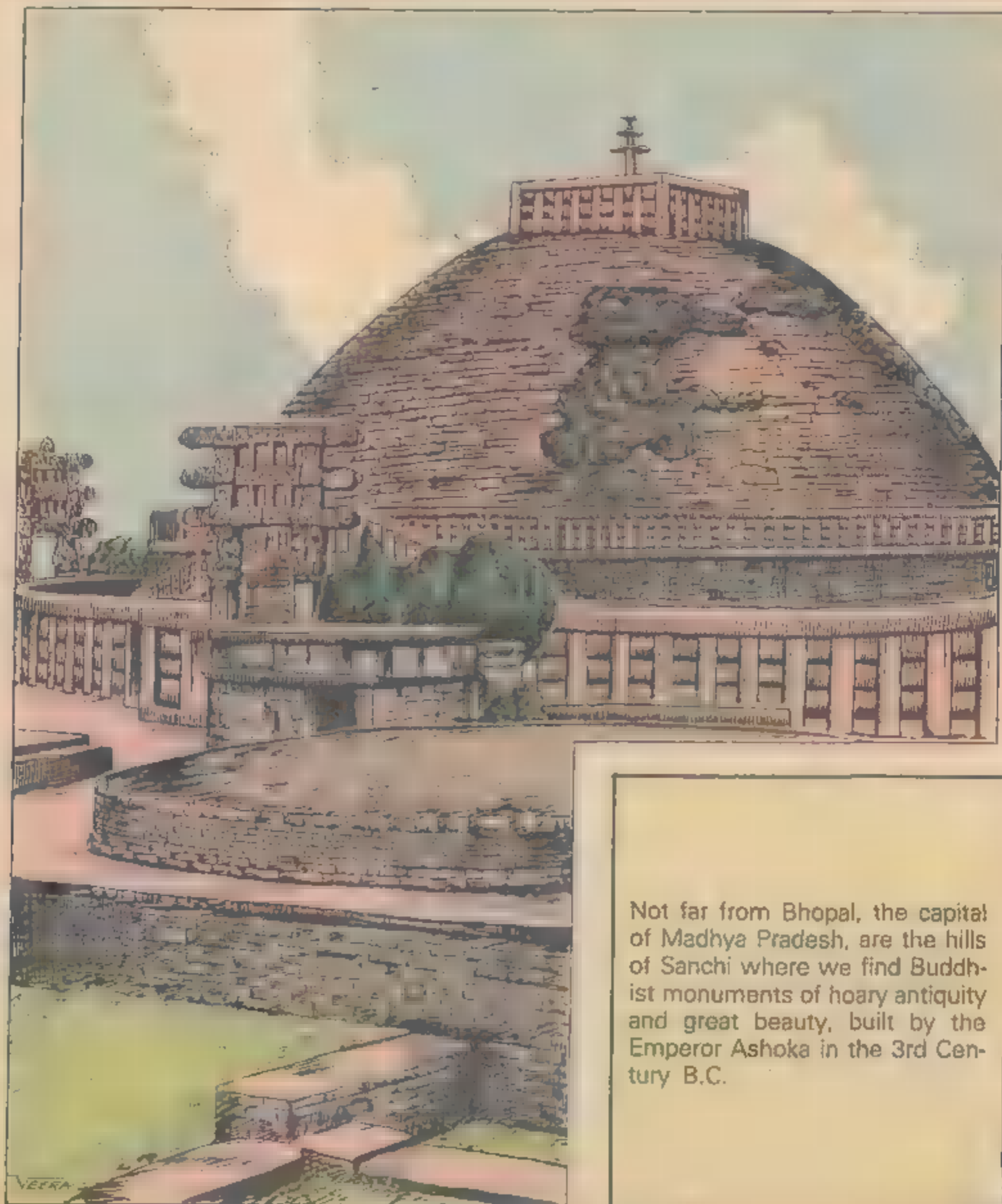
After his learned lecture on Astronomy the teacher suddenly asked the absent-minded Ramu, "So, how were the stars made?"

"Mostly by the film producers and directors in Hollywood, Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, Sir!" was the reply.

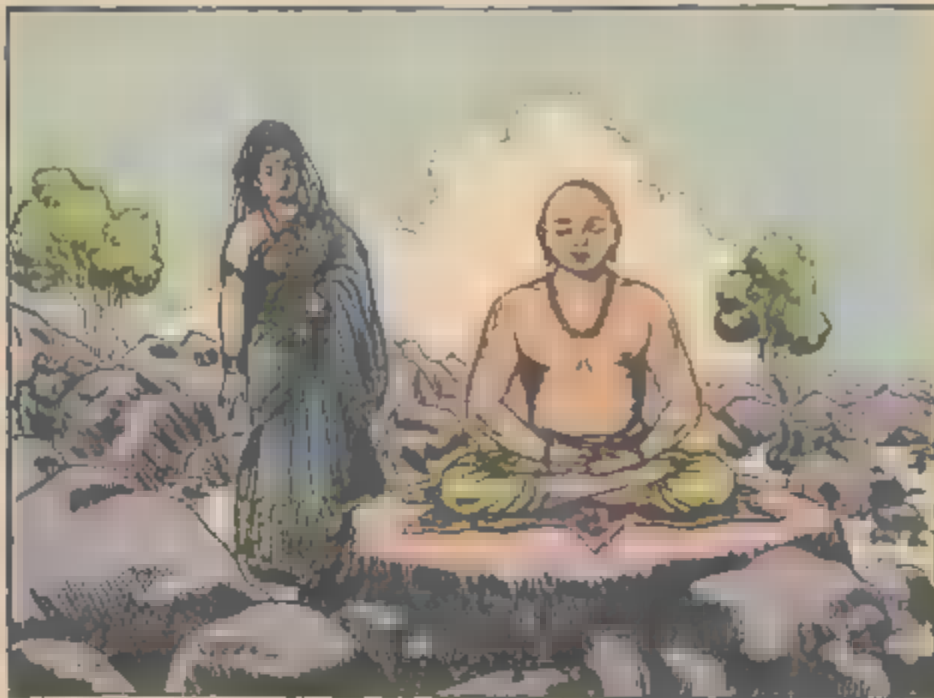


MONUMENTS OF INDIA

THE STUPA AT SANCHI



Not far from Bhopal, the capital of Madhya Pradesh, are the hills of Sanchi where we find Buddhist monuments of hoary antiquity and great beauty, built by the Emperor Ashoka in the 3rd Century B.C.



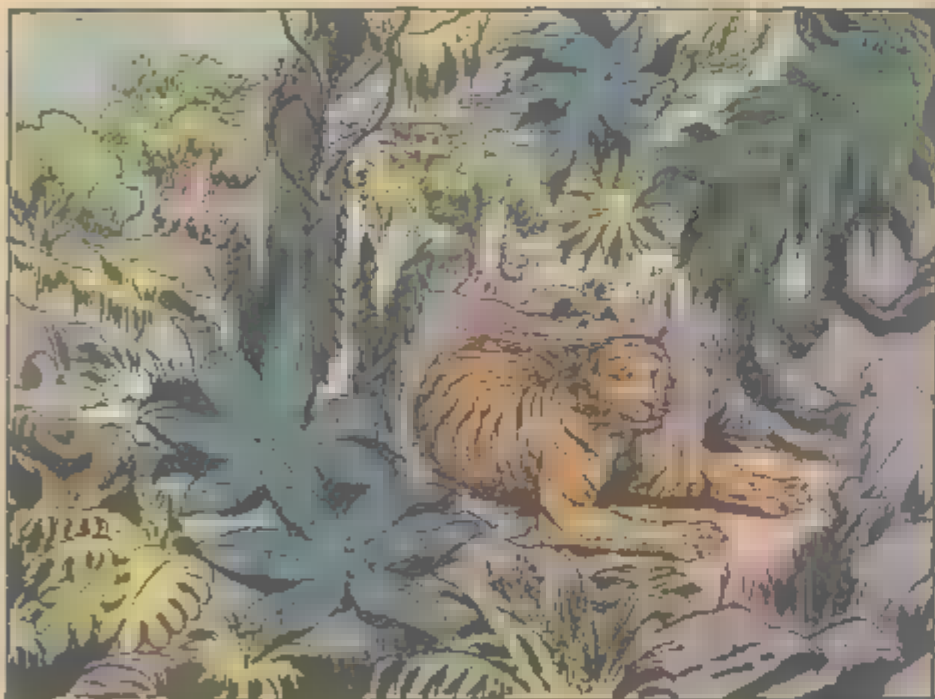
The site of the monuments, are close to Vidisa, an ancient town and the site was known as Vidi-sagiri. Ashoka's son, Mahendra, meditated here under the care of his mother, Queen Devi, before departing to Simhala to propagate Buddhism.

At that time there was only a small Stupa here. Later Ashoka visited the hill and was inspired to make the charming place a seat of Buddhist study and a shelter for monks.



The ivory carvers of Vidisa were assigned the work of making sculptures for the monuments. They did their work marvellously well. Episodes of the Buddha's life and legends and lessons are carved on stones with mastery.

There was a time when the place was the abode of hundreds of Buddhist monks. Practice of meditation and recitation of sermons marked the place. Surekhas visited the place in quest of peace and knowledge.



Sometime after the 13th century, for reasons unknown, this magnificent place was abandoned by the Buddhists. Bushes and creepers covered the magnificent monuments and a forest hid the whole site from the eye of the world.

In 1818 a contingent of army happened to cross the hills. Their leader, General Taylor's attention went to the unusual shape of a "hill". He went closer and was amazed to see the hidden Stupa.



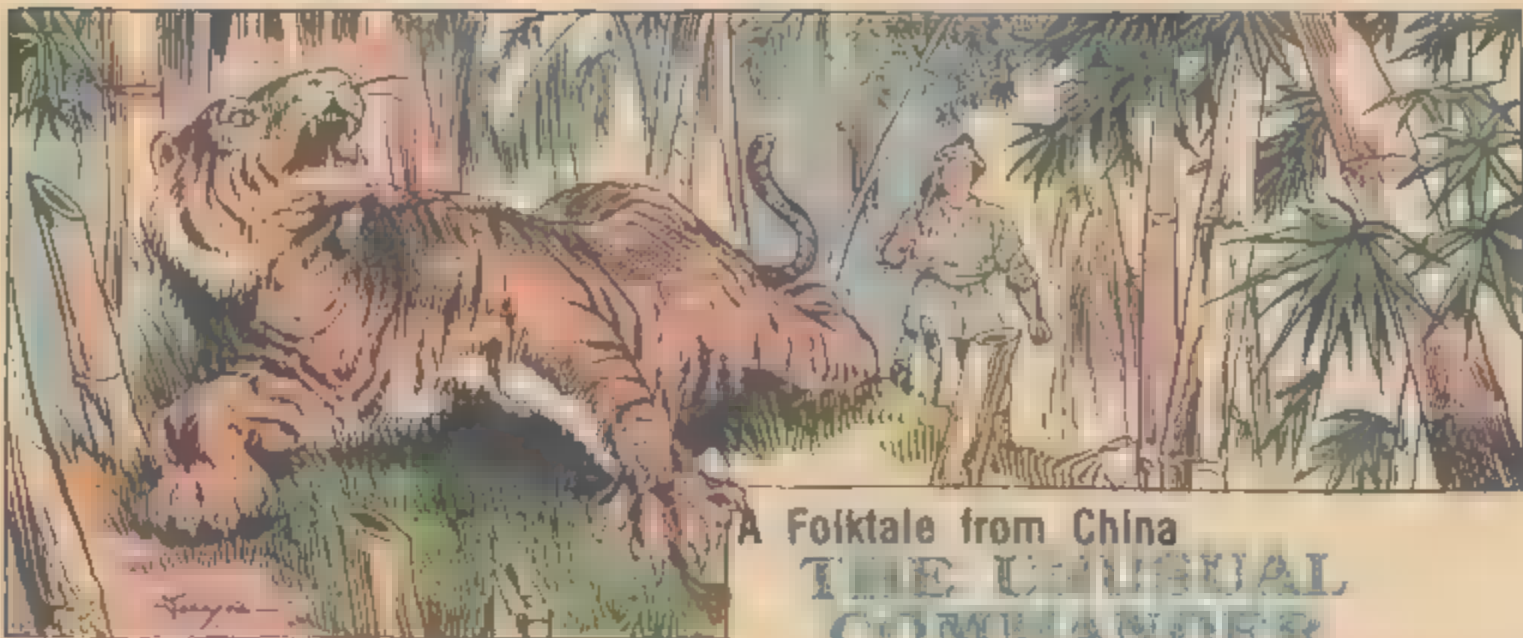


The wonderful monuments began to emerge after lying buried or hidden for centuries. From one of them, situated 10 km away from the main Stupa were found the relics of Sariputta and Maudgallayan, two senior disciples of Buddha.

In the picture we see a sketch of the northern gateway of the main Stupa. There are four gateways and they are magnificent for their sculptural splendour, standing for more than two thousand years.



Of the many events from life of the Buddha depicted on the walls, here is one. A monkey is offering honey to the Buddha. The Buddha's figure is not there, but the Bodhi tree is shown. Standing amidst vast expanse of lands, Sanchi is a reminder of India's unique heritage.



A Folktale from China
**THE UNUSUAL
COMMANDER**

This happened hundreds of years ago. Close to forest lived a young man named Chang Sin and his mother.

Chang Sin collected stacks of wood from the forest and sold them in the market miles away. Whatever he earned was enough for him to pull on.

One morning Chang Sin heard a terrific roar from a dense part of the forest. It was more a cry than a roar. Had a tiger been trapped? Who could have trapped a tiger? He wondered as he quietly advanced towards the source of the noise.

Soon he found out what had happened. Some people had cut down bamboos, leaving their sharp bottoms. A tiger had got one of his paws pierced by one such knife-like thing.

At first Chang Sin got frightened. But when he saw the eyes of the tiger, he understood how badly the beast needed succour. Even then he did not dare to approach it all alone. He ran home and told his mother about it. She accompanied him into the forest, carrying with her some medicine and strips of cotton cloth.

The tiger grew quiet when it saw them. They sat down near it. Chang Sin lifted its paw as cautiously as possible from the sharp piece of bamboo while his mother moved her fingers on its back. Then they applied medicine to the tiger's wound and bandaged it. The tiger stood up and began to walk. As he looked at the mother and the son, the mother said, "O Tiger, we are poor. We do not have influential relatives to help us. If



you can, help me to find a beautiful bride for my son!"

The tiger growled and went away.

Something amusing happened after a month. A charming girl was on her way to her maternal uncle's house. Her marriage was to be performed there. She rode a palanquin. A number of attendants followed the palanquin carrying clothes and jewelleries which were to be given to her at the time of the wedding.

Suddenly five huge tigers came charging at the party. The bearers set the palanquin down and fled for life. The attendants threw their burdens down and

fled. The girl came out of the palanquin only to come face to face with the tigers. But to her pleasant surprise, she saw that the tigers did no harm to her. They seemed to drive her in a certain direction.

Slowly driven by the tigers she reached a hut. Chang Sin's mother came out and saw the fairy-like girl standing before her. She received her with great warmth. The tigers went away giving out happy roars.

Days passed. Nobody came to look for the girl. At her instance, they brought to their hut the valuables left by the attendants. "I wish I had a daughter-in-law like you!" one day Chang Sin's mother said. The girl blushed and said, "I wish I had a mother-in-law like you!"

Well, that made the situation clear! Chang Sin married the girl and lived happily.

But news reached the girl's wealthy father that she had married a poor wood-cutter. He had thought that she had been devoured by tigers. He had been reconciled to that. But he could not reconcile to her getting married to a wood-cutter!

He went to the King and

pleaded with him to restore his daughter to him. The King summoned Chang Sin and asked him how did he dare to marry a wealthy man's daughter.

"My Lord, since I had dared to approach a tiger and the tigers gave her to me. I dared to marry her!" replied Chang Sin.

"The fellow is crazy!" said the King. "Can you prove that the tigers gave the girl to you? Can you summon the tigers as witnesses?"

"Perhaps I can, if you let me go into the forest," said Chang Sin.

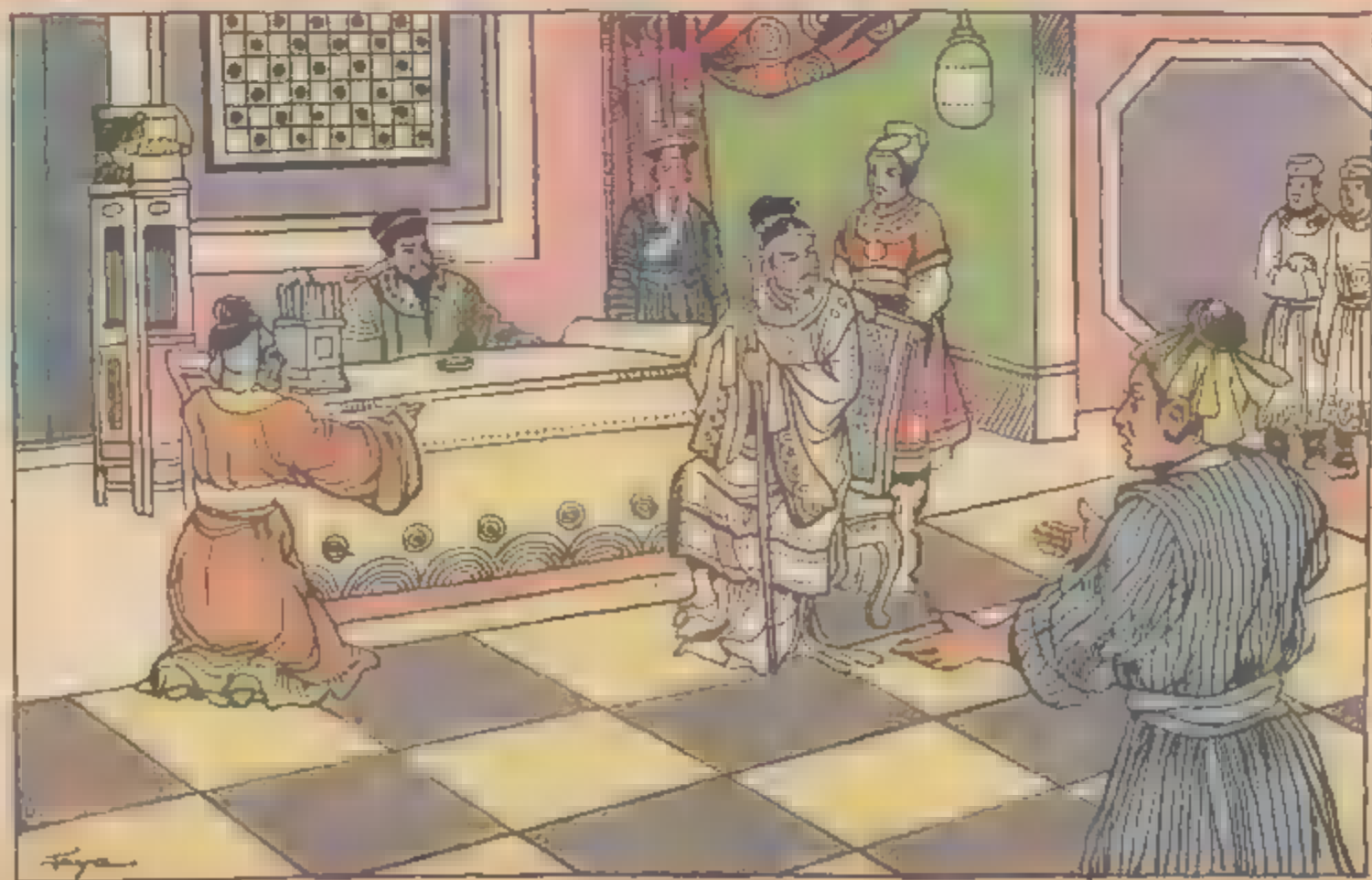
Out of curiosity the King let him go. After only two hours

the King heard people in the street crying and shrieking in horror. He climbed the roof of his palace and saw Chang Sin returning with five tigers!

"Enough of evidence, enough, dear Chang Sin! I'm convinced that you spoke the truth! Go away and live in peace," shouted the King.

"Thank you, My Lord," said Chang Sin and he went away with the tigers.

The same year the kingdom was attacked by a merciless tribe. They had with them trained hounds, hyenas, monkeys and wolves. Naturally, the King's soldiers could not face





such unusual enemy. The King remembered Chang Sin and sent a message to him. Chang Sin arrived with the tigers. The battle was brief. The invaders took to their heels with their animals!

"Chang Sin! Will you become the commander of my army?" proposed the King.

"My Lord, I'm afraid, I don't know how to command an

army," mumbled Chang Sin.

"Is that really necessary as long as you can command the tigers? You are appointed to the post," said the King.

Chang Sin came over to a large mansion near the palace with his mother and his wife. Once a week the tigers came to see him. There was no attack from any quarters for a long time to come.

Just

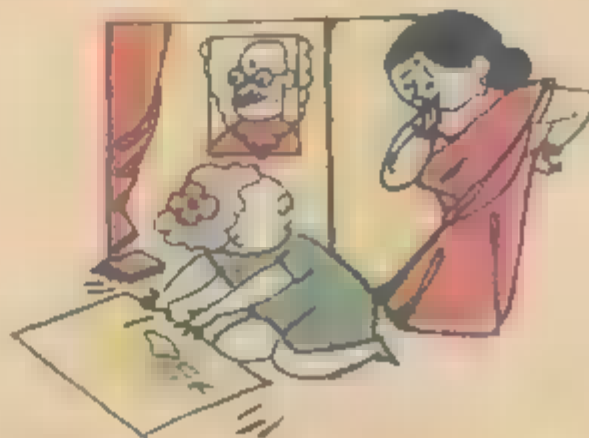
A little girl was busy with her new set of colour pencils.

"What are you drawing?" asked her mother.

"God!"

"Is that so? But nobody knows how He looks!" observed the mother.

"Wait. Let me finish the drawing. All will know!" replied the little one.





THE WEAVER'S WIT

There was a time when the Kings were very fond of exchanging puzzles and riddles among themselves. Every King had some witty courtiers to solve the puzzles.

One day an emissary from the court of Udaygarh came to the court of Chandpur. Without word he drew a circle around the King's throne and waited for the King's or the minister's reaction.

The King looked at the minister and the minister looked at the King. But none could explain the emissary's conduct.

"Wait, I will be back in a moment," said the minister. He went out of the court and hopped on to a horse and galloped towards a nearby village. Only a few hours before that he had met a man who appeared to him

very clever. While passing through the area where weavers lived, he had seen some grain spread in front of a house for purpose of drying. Birds did not come near it because a screen waved nearby and scared them away. Further, he saw a cradle with a kid swinging without anybody to attend to it.

Both the cradle and the screen appeared to be swinging automatically. The minister entered the house and saw a weaver at work. The weaver had linked the screen and the cradle to the rope he pulled for weaving the cloth. He was not required to move the two things separately.

The minister thought that the clever weaver could help explain the puzzle offered by the emissary from Udaygarh. He



guided him to the court.

The weaver looked at the circle and went out and returned with two cheap toys and threw them into the circle.

The messenger from Udaygarh threw a handful of grain on the floor. The weaver went out and returned with a fowl and released it. It ate up the grain.

The emissary smiled and nodded and went away.

"What did he mean and what did you mean?" asked the King.

"By making a circle around your throne he meant that his King intended to seize your

kingdom. By throwing the toys I meant that it will be childish on his part to do any such thing. Then he scattered the grain to mean that they could attack our land with a large number of soldiers. I showed them through the fowl who gobbled up the grain that each one of them shall lose his life!" explained the weaver.

"Excellent! Will you like to join my court as a courtier?" asked the King.

"My Lord, that may make me dull! My mind is active because I am active!" so said the weaver and he left the court.

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SETHJI'S PILGRIMAGE

Seth Botulal wanted to earn some religious merit without having to spend any money. He went out on a pilgrimage. At the holy place which was far from his home, he sported a small card-board on his chest. On it was written: "Deaf and Dumb".

Pilgrims threw small coins in to his bag. Soon he found that he earned well. He went to yet another holy place and acted in the sameway.

Two men happened to recognise him. One of them said to the other, "Sethji is blissfully ignorant of the fact that his house is reduced to ashes! Should we tell him?"

"Poor Sethji! He has also grown deaf and dumb! How to tell him?" said the other.

"Hello, gentleman, tell me more! How was my house reduced to ashes?" Sethji shouted.

The pilgrims were surprised. "What a trickster!" they said and they snatched his bag and handed him over to the police. Sethji spent a few days in the police lock-up and then returned home.

"Pilgrimage is to not easy, you know!" he told his relatives.



OF MEN AND GENTLEMEN

"Mr. Ghosh made a mistake. While introducing the speaker, Captain Raman, he said several times that Captain Raman was in a man of war instead of saying that he was a man of war," commented Pradeep, a friend of Rajesh.

"Anyone, even Mr. Ghosh, can make a mistake, but it is not likely that he would repeat the mistake," said Rajesh and both approached Grandpa Chowdhury.

"*Man of war* is a warship in the navy of a State," said the Professor and he cautioned the boys, "though the phrase is masculine, such a ship, like any other ship, is always referred to as 'she'!"

"*Man alive!*" exclaimed Reena who had just stepped in.

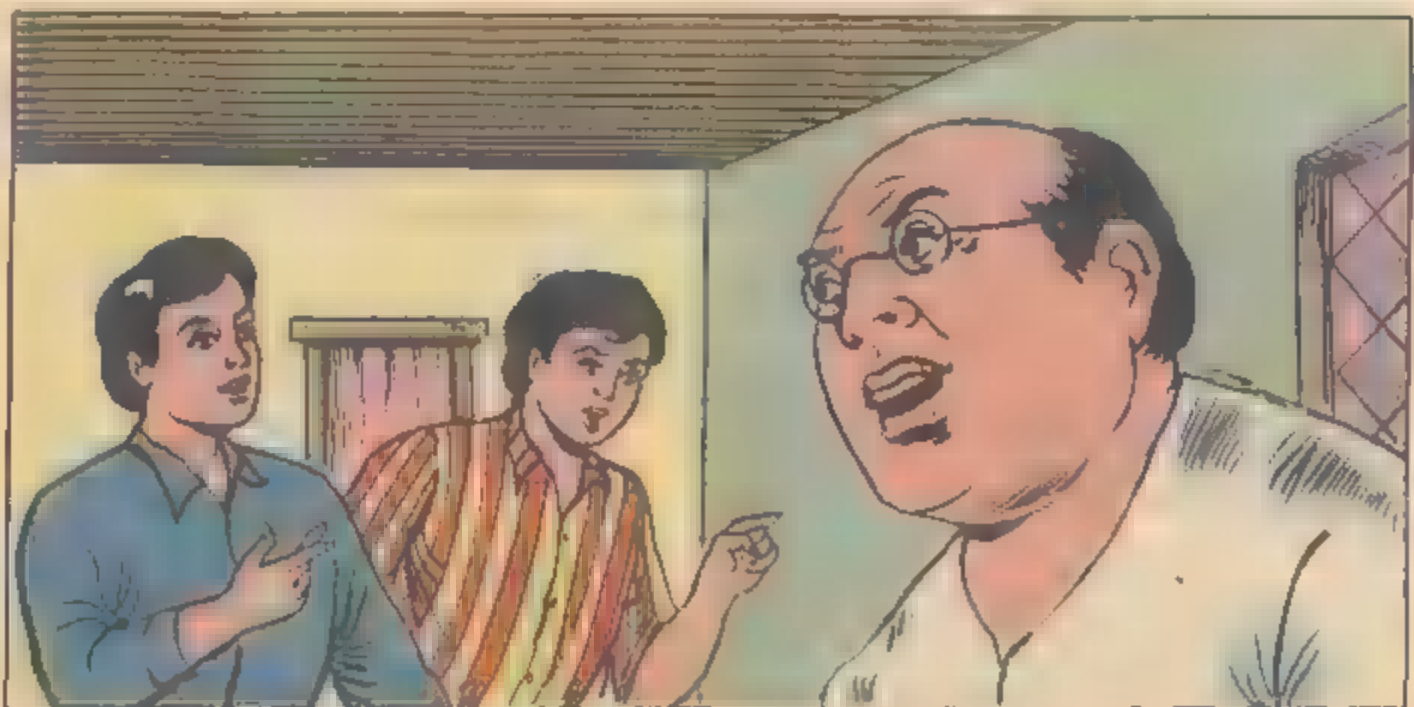
"Good. Reena has picked up a lively phrase. But *man alive* is an exclamation you can make only when you are surprised," observed Prof. Chowdhury.

"Grandpa, what is a man of straw?"

"A person of no substance, particularly as far as his financial condition goes. Similarly the *man in the street* means the ordinary man. A *man of letters* is a scholar. Now-a-days I often read a famous man being described as a *man of destiny*. It was Napoleon who looked upon himself as the man of destiny and so he was called by many," said the Professor.

"Thank you, sir," said Pradeep.

"By the way," said the Professor. "Like *man*, the word *gentleman* also has different usage. I should remind you that you must not call an elderly man as an old gentleman, for that means the Devil!"





What is meant by self-realisation? What is its importance?

—Joykishore Agarwal,
Dhenkanal.

It is an idiom used to convey a spiritual goal. Ordinarily a man does not know his *true* self. He takes his physical body and mind to be the self. True self, say the wise, rests deep within us. Generally we call it soul. Through deep meditation or yoga one can know one's soul. On achieving that condition, one is no longer guided by one's thoughts or emotions or passions or speculations or preferences—which ordinarily guide people. A self-realised man is guided by the insight of his soul.

Where is the location of the Bermuda Triangle?

—Ningathembi Singh,
Uyal, Manipur.

This is an area amidst Florida, the Bahamas and Cuba. Not only a number of ships passing through this area have mysteriously disappeared, but also aeroplanes flying over this area have disappeared leaving no trace.

Is it true that an Englishman was the first President of the Indian National Congress? How many delegates attended its first conference?

—Manju Hariharan,
Bombay.

No. It was founded by an Englishman, A.O. Hume. Convened as the Indian National Union, it assumed the name Indian National Congress at its first conference in Bombay in 1885, under the Presidentship of W.C. Banerjee. There were 72 delegates.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.

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PICKS FROM THE WISE

Eminent posts make great men greater, and little men less.

—Jean De La Bruyere.

An intelligent man never snubs anybody.

—Vauvenargues.

It is often better not to see an insult than to avenge it.

—Seneca.





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